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THE PROROGATION.

THE Prorogation comes as a relief to every one. The end of a Session is always welcome, but it is more welcome than usual when it comes to impose a limit to ecclesiastical debates and to personal contests among Parliamentary leaders. To no one will the prorogation be a greater gain than to Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues. They must have longed for the curtain to fall, and for the public which has been looking on at a strange series of blunders and wasted opportunities to go home and think of something else. There was too much nervous excitement in the political atmosphere to make it desirable that the Session should last another week. Even Mr. DISRAELI, who is generally calm and courteous when he has to deal with personal questions, has been so far carried beyond the limits of tranquillity and decorum as to say of a colleague that he was a man given to flouts and gibes and sneers, and had been laying a trap for the House of Commons into which he warned his hearers not to fall. In all Cabinets there will be a variety of elements, and men with considerable differences of opinion find themselves obliged to work together in order to carry out as far as they can a general policy to which they adhere. In such a body one section must prevail, and the Conservative party is apparently not unwilling that in the present Cabinet Lord CAIRNS and Mr. DISRAELI should exercise the predominant influence. The Conservatives for the most part think that the PREMIER and the CHANCELLOR know best what the party ought to do if it is to retain office with credit, and moderate Liberals recognize that they could not easily find two statesmen who more adequately represent them. When the moment came which made it necessary to decide whether the Government should take up or leave to its fate Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY'S Bill, it was inevitable that the PRIME MINISTER should decide which of the views entertained by sections of his Cabinet should prevail. Mr. DISRAELI decided, and, having made up his mind, he supported the Bill on grounds so serious in their import and consequences, and with a fervour so decisive, that he made it a matter of considerable personal importance to himself that the Bill should be carried. But it was only at the eleventh hour that he took any interest in the Bill or made the Ministry in any way responsible for it, and his colleagues had spoken for or against it, not as Ministers, but in accordance with their own private opinions. After it became virtually a Ministerial measure, none of Mr. DISRAELI'S colleagues could, according to the rule which must be observed if Cabinets are to exist, have voted directly against the Bill. But clauses of minor importance might be discussed with a fair latitude reserved for honest differences of opinion between Ministers. Lord SALISBURY, with regard to one clause, took a different view from that entertained by Mr. DISRAELI and Lord CAIRNS, and he not only voted, but spoke, against an amendment of which the ruling spirits of the Cabinet approved. Lord SALISBURY often uses stronger language than a man of greater caution would permit himself to indulge in; but on this occasion it happened that words were attributed to him which he never used. If Mr. DISRAELI had rectified the mistake, and said that on a comparatively minor point in a Bill for the wording of which the Cabinet was in no way responsible, he and his colleagues differed, but that, in spite of all that had been urged, he retained his own opinion, no one could have complained. But it was quite another thing to adopt the misrepresentation of a colleague's words,

to pass a bitter criticism upon the general tone of his Parliamentary language, and to attribute to him the design of manœuvring to upset a Bill which Mr. DISRAELI had pledged himself to carry. A parallel drawn from the subject-matter of the Bill itself readily suggests itself. When the State and a National Church come into collision, the Church must give way, but the harmonious working of the Church and State would be rendered impossible if the authorities of the State insisted on perpetually parading their superiority, and on deriding and thwarting the authorities of the Church.

It is true that the Ministry may so far congratulate themselves on the history of the past Session that, if it has shown them to be divided and weaker than could have been supposed possible, it has also shown a deep antagonism between leaders of the Opposition, and a wider separation than ever established between Mr. GLADSTONE and his party. But a Ministry, to win honour and general approbation, must rest on its own performances, and not on the mistakes or misfortunes of its rivals. The most ardent supporters of the Government must admit that the Cabinet has this Session mismanaged public business. It allowed the Endowed Schools Bill to render useless all the labours of the Lords to pass the Judicature and the Land Transfer Bills. It is incontestable that this was a piece of pure blundering. It was certain that to introduce a new policy into the system of reorganizing Endowed Schools would provoke a strenuous opposition. Either this new policy was highly advantageous to the country, and the Ministry ought to have insisted on carrying the measure in which it was embodied, or it was a matter of no great importance, and then it ought never to have been submitted to Parliament at a period of the Session when the discussion of measures sure to create hostility, but not effectually supported by the Government, necessarily causes a lamentable waste of time. Nor was the manner in which Mr. DISRAELI extricated himself from the mess into which he had drifted calculated to remove the impression that the Ministry was blundering. His explanation was, that out of mere kindness to Lord SANDON, and in order to give him an opportunity of showing what a nice young nobleman he was, Mr. DISRAELI had allowed him to signalize himself by introducing a Bill the clauses of which were, to Mr. DISRAELI'S mind, perfectly unintelligible. In order to furnish Lord SANDON with this brilliant occasion of winning immortal fame, Mr. DISRAELI had thrown overboard two measures on which the CHANCELLOR had bestowed great pains and which he had carried safely through the Lords. It must have been a source of natural mortification to Lord CAIRNS that, on the last sitting of the Peers before the prorogation, he had to recommend the passing of a Bill to put off the operation of the Judicature Act, instead of having the satisfaction of knowing that the Royal Speech would record on the morrow the legitimate triumph with which the Ministry, speaking in the QUEEN'S name, regarded the passing of a Bill to complete the Judicature Act and extend its sphere. Highly important as he no doubt recognizes it to be that young Conservatives should have chances given them of showing what they can do, the CHANCELLOR must have thought that in this instance a tender consideration for Lord SANDON'S thirst for Parliamentary glory had been carried a little too far.

Nor, if the Ministry has shown itself weak in legislation, and unable to discern what it can carry and what it cannot, has it done much to suggest that there has been any improvement in administration. Lord SALISBURY is

an improvement on the Duke of ARGYLL, not because he has introduced any variation in Indian policy, but because he is more resolute and energetic, and, above all, is much more industrious. Lord CAIRNS is also in one way an improvement on Lord SELBORNE, because, although his Bills are almost precisely what Lord SELBORNE's would have been, he has a majority in the Lords at his command, whereas Lord SELBORNE could only do what Lord CAIRNS was pleased to approve of. In the other departments of State there has been little to find fault with, but the holders of office have walked so strictly in the lines laid down for them by their predecessors that the change of Ministry has produced no perceptible effect. Foreign affairs, colonial affairs, the army and the navy have been well managed; but they have been managed precisely as they would have been if Lord GRANVILLE, Lord KIMBERLEY, Lord CARDWELL, and Mr. GOSCHEN had remained in office. It must be quite impossible for Irishmen to know whether Lord SPENCER or the Duke of ABERCORN is Lord-Lieutenant. Tranquillity is preserved by the same means, and the only gain—and it certainly is a very great gain to them—which Irishmen have received from the change of Ministry is that they now live under the rule of a PRIME MINISTER who does understand what Home Rule means. It is highly to the credit of the Cabinet that its members have shown so much good sense, and have left well alone. To have rushed into all sorts of immature schemes of administrative reform, and to have tried to rival Lord SANDON in striving after sudden distinction by introducing unintelligible proposals of change, would have been disastrous to the country and fatal to their reputation. But the credit they have won is the credit, not of having distinguished themselves in administration, but of not having distinguished themselves. It was no doubt necessary for them to wait until they had been longer in office before they could safely say what they would like to do that the last Ministry had not done. Next Session will be their golden opportunity, and according as they use it well or ill they will make or mar their fortunes. The recess will give them ample time to mature measures of real importance, and to have them expressed in language within the range of Mr. DISRAELI's comprehension. They will then, too, have had enough experience of office to be able to say whether they are satisfied with the state of things which existed when they entered on their new duties. That their chances of real success lie in the future, not in the present, is the strongest possible reason why they should hail the prorogation with pleasure.

GERMANY AND SPAIN.

UNTIL the German Government has performed some definite act in Spain, prudent persons will suspend their belief in the rumours of proposed intervention; yet a preposterous forgery of a despatch in which Prince BISMARCK threatened to guard the passes of the Pyrenees with a fleet was generally accepted as genuine in Spain and in France, if not in England. The large purchase of arms which has been effected by the Spanish Government at Berlin is only a commercial transaction. French politicians who feel or affect apprehensions of the ambitious designs of Germany ought rather to wish that an unfriendly Power should embarrass itself with a costly and barren enterprise. Every reasonable Frenchman must regret that Prince LEOPOLD of HOHENZOLLERN was not allowed to accept the invitation of PRIM and SERRANO, with the probable result of making the German name odious to bigoted Spanish patriots. The co-operation of a German squadron or military division with the troops of the Government of Madrid would perhaps be accepted, but it would never be forgiven. The suppression by Russian arms of the Hungarian insurrection was followed by an alienation between Vienna and St. Petersburg which has scarcely disappeared after the lapse of a quarter of a century. No State which respects itself can be grateful for the humiliation of being compelled to accept foreign aid for the reduction of its own subjects to obedience. The Conservative and Catholic party in Mexico contended with the Liberals on equal terms before it identified itself with the French invasion and with the Imperial pretensions of MAXIMILIAN. National pride is almost the only political virtue which flourishes in Spain; and it would regard German intervention as an outrage.

Against a foreign invader it is allowable to invoke the assistance of allies. In 1808 and 1809 the English armies were cordially welcomed in Spain; but the services which they performed have long since been deliberately suppressed and generally forgotten. The Peninsular War, as it was really conducted by WELLINGTON with little native support, is unknown to Spanish history. The journalists of Madrid have lately threatened the French with a repetition of the imaginary exploits which Spanish troops are supposed to have performed against the generals of NAPOLEON. Of Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria they have nothing to say. There is little glory to be gained in the Carlist civil war, although ESPARTERO is still respected for his share in bringing the struggle with the former Pretender to a successful conclusion. German auxiliaries would not receive credit for any services which they might render to the national cause.

It is true that German statesmanship, being eminently practical, would regard with indifference a mere sentiment of ingratitude. If any adequate advantage were to be gained by intervention, the probable feelings of Spain would be regarded with indifference at Berlin. Politicians who have amused themselves with speculations on German policy remark that the renewal of the war with France is considered inevitable. The defences of Metz and other ceded fortresses have been elaborately improved in contemplation of a future struggle, and it is suggested that a Spanish alliance would, in the contingency of war with France, effect a formidable diversion. If a French army of seventy thousand or a hundred thousand men were required to watch the passes of the Pyrenees, it is evident that the means of defence or offence on the Eastern frontier would be proportionally diminished. If Archduke ALBERT and his army had not been engaged with the Italians in 1866, the result of the Bohemian campaign might perhaps have been different. If all the conditions of the supposed problem were satisfied, it is impossible to deny that the alliance of Spain might be valuable to an enemy of France. Prince BISMARCK is capable of appreciating even a remote and contingent advantage; but he would probably hesitate to pay an immediate and certain price for a possible and distant benefit. If war were imminent, it might be worth while to make a considerable sacrifice to insure the alliance of Spain; but it is doubtful whether interference in domestic contests would produce the desired effect. For geographical reasons the only foreign Power which can exercise a permanent control over Spanish policy is France. The successors of LOUIS XIV. profited by the settlement of the BOURBON dynasty at Madrid to establish the Family Compact which through the greater part of the eighteenth century united Spain with France in the chronic and intermittent struggle with England. For several years before his insane attempt to reduce Spain into a French dependency, NAPOLEON had absolutely controlled the policy of the Court of Madrid. The same relations may perhaps be hereafter renewed with France, but assuredly not with Germany. An attempt to establish a German Protectorate would greatly facilitate the restoration of French influence. Even a vague rumour of German intervention has induced the French Government to restrict the license which has hitherto been allowed to the Carlists on the Southern frontier. It is difficult to understand the reasons which have induced Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers to favour the hopeless cause of the Spanish Pretender. Former French Governments have habitually supported actual or possible rulers who could dispose of the resources of Spain. LOUIS XVIII. restored FERDINAND VII. for the same reasons which afterwards induced LOUIS PHILIPPE and M. GUIZOT to engage in the disreputable intrigue of the Spanish marriages. Don CARLOS, though he represents the cause of Legitimacy and Ultramontanism, is useless as an instrument of French supremacy in Spain.

Mr. BOURKE's statement in the House of Commons will probably have satisfied the few alarmists who had persuaded themselves that the English Government had adopted a rash and warlike policy. Ingenious interpreters of oracular deliverances, which were probably both unconscious and unmeaning, have discovered in vague phrases used by Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY mysterious projects of which the English Government may be confidently acquitted. If, in spite of probability, Germany interferes except by diplomatic methods in Spanish contests, English assistance will neither be required nor afforded. In his speech at the Mansion House

Mr. DISRAELI, repudiating the imputation of a merely passive foreign policy, referred in two or three grandiloquent sentences to the sympathy and counsels which might enable distressed States and countries to resume their former position in the world. It may be doubted whether the States and countries which constitute Spain would thank the English Government either for verbal sympathy or for advice that the Spanish Government should put down the Carlist insurrection and pay its debts. As far as Mr. DISRAELI had any meaning, he probably referred to the approaching recognition of Marshal SERRANO's Government. An act of courtesy and justice will cost nothing, and it will remove a legitimate cause of complaint. When a Minister generalizes a single political community into an indefinite number of States and countries, it may be assumed that he has no practical policy in contemplation. If it is asked why England should further the designs of Germany, the only answer is that Germany probably entertains no designs, and that in any case England is innocent of complicity. Lord DERBY's answer to Lord RUSSELL admits of the same explanation. It was proper to give a grave and formal reply to the inquiries of a veteran statesman of high rank, and, if there was nothing to say, there was the more reason for saying it in an impressive manner. Lord DERBY had heard from diplomatic agents, as the rest of the world had read in the newspapers, that French Prefects and Custom House officers had given undue facilities for the passage of troops and stores over the frontier into Spain. If the English Minister had remonstrated, he would only have incurred an unpleasant rebuff, and accordingly Lord DERBY exercised a sound discretion in leaving the French and Spanish Governments to settle their quarrel by themselves. The only aid which can be given to the Government of Madrid is to accord formal recognition; and, if possible, all the Powers ought to be induced to concur in the same measure.

The only doubt as to the possible intentions of Germany is suggested by that part of Prince BISMARCK's policy which has never been thoroughly understood, except perhaps by his own countrymen. Don CARLOS is a professed supporter of the Papal pretensions which the German Government strenuously rejects. It is remarkable that the POPE has never cordially recognized the devotion of his most uncompromising adherent. While all clerical influence in France is employed on behalf of the Count of CHAMBORD, it is supposed that Queen ISABELLA and her son are as highly favoured at the Vatican as Don CARLOS himself. The complete suppression of the Carlist insurrection would probably be followed after a short interval by the establishment of Don ALFONSO on the throne; and there is no reason why his accession should be peculiarly acceptable to Germany. It is highly improbable that Prince BISMARCK should be anxious for new and gratuitous causes of quarrel with France. He is determined to crush at home a sect or faction which is opposed to German unity, and which disputes the paramount authority of the State. He relies, rightly or wrongly, on German intelligence and patriotism to outweigh religious prejudices; but he must be fully aware that the relations of Church and State in other countries are modified by entirely different circumstances. If the Spaniards think fit to accept the dogma of infallibility, Prince BISMARCK must regard their decision with perfect indifference.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

AS usual, the Indian Budget was brought before Parliament at a period of the Session when all discussion of its contents was an idle ceremony. Ministry after Ministry promises that this shall never happen again, and Ministry after Ministry finds it convenient to do with unvarying regularity what it concedes to be unjustifiable in theory. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is new in office, and cannot believe that he is not going to do better than his predecessors. He hopes to be ready to make his annual statement next June, and nothing remains to be wished except that he may not be disappointed. Although, however, any serious discussion of Indian finance is out of the question on the eve of a prorogation, there was enough said on Monday night to give grounds for believing that sound principles are at length likely to prevail in the administration of Indian affairs. The normal receipts of India may be stated at fifty millions sterling, and the normal expenditure at slightly below this amount. Of

the fifty millions of receipts, forty-two millions come in with no trouble and little variation. For the remainder the Indian Government has to look almost entirely to opium, and the revenue from opium is notoriously a varying one. The expenditure is also in a great measure determined by public necessities that must be met, and do not admit of any large amount of variation. But here, too, is one element of derangement, and that is the expenditure on public works and on famine relief; for famines occur periodically in India, and no period of seven years is at all likely to pass off without one famine, at least, of a very serious kind. Indian finance would be simplicity itself if it were not for the fluctuations in the receipts from opium on the one hand, and the drain for public works and famine relief on the other; but these two elements of uncertainty make the adjustment of Indian finance a work of very serious difficulty. If new taxes could be imposed the difficulty would be soon obviated. But the peculiarity of Indian finance is that, although the taxes that exist are productive up to a certain point with great regularity, and show a small increase with the increasing prosperity of the country, yet new taxes are next to impossible. The country is very poor, and new taxes are as unproductive as they are odious to a population which has elevated the observance of routine and custom into a religious principle. The efforts of Indian financiers, so far as they refer to the ordinary receipts and expenditure, are therefore now principally devoted to diminishing, if possible, the outgoings. A reduction of a million has been made in the last few years in the military expenditure, and this without, it is said, any diminution of efficiency. Lord NORTHBROOK, whose administration received the warmest approbation from every quarter of the House, has set himself to make his reign one of the strictest economy; and Lord MAYO instituted a reform which has been productive of the happiest results by giving the Local Governments a sum from the Imperial Exchequer which they may spend on works of local utility, but which they must not exceed, instead of their being allowed to execute the works, and then apply for the money. On the other hand, the great increase of prices throughout India, which has been going on rapidly in the last ten years, has made it very difficult to do more, even with the strictest economy, than keep the expenditure at nearly as possible what it was in former days. Higher salaries have to be paid, and one consequence is that the expenses of collecting the revenue show a very considerable increase. Lord SALISBURY hopes to do something towards making an increased revenue possible by a re-adjustment of the tariffs on imported goods, and something may, as Mr. FAWCETT suggests, be still to be discovered that will diminish the Home charges. But the general result will inevitably be that the existing receipts cannot be increased, and that the existing expenditure cannot, owing to the rise in prices, be much reduced; and therefore the future of Indian finance must depend on the extent to which the disturbing element of expenditure on public works and famine relief is allowed to upset the equilibrium of incomes and outgoings.

Famines are ordinary features of Indian history because the climate is such that droughts will occur, and when a drought does occur, the population has nothing to fall back on. The pressure of population on subsistence is in India, and always has been, exceedingly severe, and, as has been well pointed out, the very excellence of the English administration has increased the severity of this pressure. The population is no longer thinned by war, by insecurity, or by legalized infanticide. Until a famine does occur India is pretty nearly forgotten by the British public. But directly it seems to be impending there is a cry in England for lavish outlay at the expense of other people. The press gets excited, the ubiquitous Special Correspondent is sent out, sensational reports are sent home, and every one in authority is informed that unless he displays the most superhuman energy he will certainly deserve to be hanged, and will infallibly be held up to public derision and contempt. If, as in the late Bengal crisis, the Government does set to work energetically and averts to a great extent the threatened calamity, it has the satisfaction of seeing its intelligent critics turn round and assert that the danger was entirely imaginary, and probably invented by designing officials in order to earn distinction and promotion. In the House of Commons it was, however, recognized that both the India Office and Lord NORTHBROOK and his subordinates had kept their senses under very trying circumstances, and had been called on to face a very serious state of

things, and had met it with an expenditure that cannot be called extravagant; while the patience and fortitude of Lord NORTHBROOK and the zeal of his immediate subordinates received a fitting recognition from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, who added the expression of a hope, which we may trust is not unfounded, that the spectacle of the enormous efforts to relieve distress made by the Indian authorities, from the highest to the lowest, will not fail to produce a wholesome impression on the natives of the Indian Empire. The total expenditure on the famine was six and a half millions, four millions of which went in the purchase of grain, and this expenditure is to be divided between two financial years. But there is one consolatory fact about Indian famines. What is bad for one part of India is good for another, and the rain which does not fall in one province falls with greater abundance in another. This year the crops in the Punjab have been exceptionally good, at the very time when there has been such a lamentable deficiency in Bengal. If the produce of the different parts of India could be freely interchanged, there would probably never be a famine of any great extent, and the more railroads there are, and the more every means of communication is increased, the less is the risk of famines. But then railways made to connect one district with another, and all the trunk lines of communication between the sea and great centres, or between one great centre and another, cannot possibly yield enough to return an interest on the capital necessary to construct them at all equal to that at which the capital, if borrowed, must be obtained. They are unproductive works, and are avowedly unproductive. Much, too, may be done to avert famines by irrigation works, but then a sad and ample experience has shown that irrigation works do not always pay in India. They are of indisputable utility when there is a chance of a famine, but under ordinary circumstances they are not of sufficient use to give an annual profit on the outlay. They, too, must be classed under the head of unproductive expenditure. To such an expenditure there must be limits in a poor country like India, and Lord NORTHBROOK, with the approval of Lord SALISBURY, has decided that while, with the view of averting or mitigating future famines, such works shall be prosecuted, they shall be prosecuted only within strict and defined limits. The money that is to be spent on them is only such as the surplus of the ordinary receipts over the ordinary expenditure will provide. Nothing is to be borrowed for them, and the Government will only lay out on them what it can confidently reckon on having in hand. A million and a half is, as a general rule, the calculated surplus, and Lord NORTHBROOK, by the rigid economy he is introducing, hopes slightly to increase this sum. But, whatever this sum may be, it is all that the Indian Government proposes for the future to lay out on unproductive works.

But it is calculated, or hoped, that many railways may be made which will be productive, and for these the Indian Government intends to borrow a moderate amount each year, but always to borrow it in India; and the ease with which it has this year borrowed two millions and a half in India at a low rate of interest shows that, if the confidence of the natives in the permanent stability of the Government remains unshaken, there is enough money in the country to supply such an amount as it will be prudent to borrow. Indian authorities have learnt to be very cautious in their estimates of what railways are likely to pay. The cost of the existing railways has been on an average 16,480*l.* per mile; and although the traffic has increased since the railways were opened, it has not increased so much as the Government expected. That there are many railways yet to be made which will pay even 4 per cent. on a cost of upwards of 16,000*l.* a mile is exceedingly improbable. This is acknowledged, and to lessen the cost the Government will construct its railways itself. Something may no doubt be saved in this way, although it must always be remembered that when a contractor is employed, although he charges more than is necessary to cover the actual cost, he does this to enable himself not only to get a profit, but to meet an unavoidable risk, and that this risk will now have to be met by the Government. But to make railways is only one difficulty; the other difficulty, and it is quite as great, is to work them economically. Mr. FAWCETT protests against the impolicy of abandoning the power of buying the railways belonging to English Companies, as India might gain by the purchase. The Secretary of State can relinquish for ever the power of making such a purchase, and in the case of three Companies it has been abandoned. The present

Government appear, however, to be so impressed with the importance of Mr. FAWCETT'S observation, that they have undertaken that while they are in office the power of purchase shall not be in any case abandoned until Parliament has had an opportunity of expressing an opinion on the subject. Whether the terms of purchase which were fixed when the Companies were formed would be favourable to the State, is, however, a matter of some doubt, and the Indian Government appears to be fully alive to the great strain that would be put on it if it attempted to work all the railways in the country. It will at any rate be prudent to begin the experiment with the railways belonging to the Government, and it will be a proud day for the Government when it has really made a line itself, and worked it itself, and got enough out of it to make the net profits equal to the interest on the capital expended. As the discussion went on in the House of Commons, the fear that had been previously felt lest the creation of a member of Council to superintend Public Works should lead to lavish expenditure melted altogether away. The new official will have every motive to be the most economical and cautious of men. He will be allowed to spend a small annual surplus on unproductive works, and he will be given to understand that, if he exceeds this small amount, he will be treated as a failure. He will also be allowed to spend a somewhat larger sum of borrowed money on productive works. But then his reputation will be at stake, and if they turn out not to be reproductive, he will also be considered a failure. Before he sanctions any railway as likely to be reproductive, he must first satisfy himself that the calculated traffic is a probable or almost a certain one; he must then see that the estimated cost will be sufficient, all risks being taken into account; and, lastly, he must make himself sure that the line can be worked at the estimated percentage of the gross receipts. The difficulty will be for the new member of Council ever to bring himself to sanction any new work at all under such an accumulation of responsibility.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

M. GAMBETTA has dismissed the Assembly with a parting blessing, into which he introduced several indisputable and unpalatable truths. It would be difficult to imagine a representative body less deserving of honour than that which Marshal MACMAHON still allows to govern France. An Assembly which admits that it does not truly express the national feeling can only excuse its continuance in being by the supreme argument of public advantage. Supposing that the Royalist party were in a majority, they might on this plea proceed to restore the legitimate Monarchy. It would be an unconstitutional measure, but those who adopted it would not have forfeited the good opinion of honest men. There are times when the possession of power imposes responsibilities of which only those who feel them can be the judges. To have the ability to override opposition at a critical moment forces men to consider whether the importance of the object they have in view justifies a resort to exceptional means to obtain it. If the Royalists saw their way to reconquering France for HENRY V., they would not hesitate to take up arms, and if they saw their way to setting HENRY V. on the throne by a judicious use of Parliamentary weapons, there is no reason why they should be more scrupulous. The sin of the French Assembly is not that it disregards the wishes of its constituents in order to secure what it believes to be the true interest of France, but that it insults its constituents by remaining in existence after it has ceased really to represent them, while at the same time it does nothing towards providing them with any kind of settled institutions. If the Assembly were even willing to organize the Septennate, it would have something to urge in its own behalf. It is hard to imagine any man believing that this makeshift form of government can be worth preserving; but, supposing any such fond idea to be really entertained by a majority of the deputies, it would place the Septennate on a level with the Monarchy as regards the claim of the Assembly to impose it upon the nation. In France at the present moment every politician does that which is right in his own eyes, and, provided that he is honestly anxious to do what is best for the country, he has a right not to be called to strict account for his choice of expedients. But this line of defence can only be adopted by men who have the power and the will to act decisively.

and the French Assembly lacks both these requisites. It is so hopelessly divided that there is not the least chance of its ever agreeing to do anything except to sit still. The most superficial political knowledge ought to be enough to tell the members that under these circumstances they have no business to be where they are. Opinions may differ as to what kind of government France needs, but they cannot honestly differ as to her need of being under a government of some kind.

These elementary truths were served up for the benefit of the Assembly by M. GAMBETTA in a speech of remarkable moderation. He dissociated himself altogether from that little fraction of Republicans which would not accept even the Republic from the hands of the present Assembly. He treated the constituent powers of the Chamber as placed beyond discussion by the unanswerable logic of events. But, in the condition in which France now finds herself, it is not enough for her Legislature to possess constituent powers, unless it also exercises them. If the Assembly had insisted less on its own sovereignty, its shortcomings in this respect might have been judged less severely. But ever since its election it has been talking about little else. It has asserted in the most absolute manner its right to dispose of the future of the French people, and it is impossible to do this persistently without at length losing the right of leaving that future undisposed of. The Assembly seems determined to play the part of a political dog in the manger. It refuses to give France a Constitution, and it refuses to make way for those who would give France a Constitution. M. GAMBETTA takes the Assembly at its own valuation, and even with the scales thus weighted in its favour he finds it lamentably wanting. You have assumed, he says, the direction of the country, and you have no business to abandon that direction. You call yourselves a sovereign body, and the least that you can do is not to abdicate at the very time when a sovereign is most needed. In France the gravest and most fundamental problem of government is still unsolved. No man knows whether he is destined to live under a Republic or under a Monarchy. The Septennate is at best a chrysalis, out of which either may emerge. If it were not for the Assembly the nation might set to work to solve this problem for itself. It would at once elect some kind of constituent Legislature. But the Assembly bars the way against any sort of progress in this direction. It sets up its own title to decide this and every other question for France, and then, when it is called upon to decide them, it can do nothing better than prorogue itself. It has spent a year in idleness, and in that time it has grown so accustomed to doing nothing, and yet so weary of it, that its one idea is to take a holiday in name by way of pendant to a holiday in fact. That nothing may be wanting to make the inconsistency of the Assembly perfect, there is not even that excuse for a prorogation which would be furnished by a reasonable prospect of tranquillity out of doors. On the contrary, it is not denied that the Legitimists intend to use the vacation as an interval in which to work for a Restoration. If the majority of the Assembly were Legitimist, a prorogation at this moment would be intelligible. It might be accounted for by the belief of the ruling element in the Chamber that the work it had in view could be done better in the provinces than at Versailles. But the majority of the Assembly is not Legitimist, and has no sympathy with the enterprise to which the autumn is to be devoted. Yet this very majority votes for a prorogation with the full knowledge that one of the many minorities into which the Legislature is divided means to use the recess for its own purposes. There is no chance that the Legitimists will turn the interval to much account, but, if they did, the persons really responsible for the Restoration would be those of its opponents who adjourned for the apparent reason of leaving the conspirators free to work without let or hindrance.

The excuse of the majority is of course that they cannot agree upon a course of policy. They dislike the Republic, they dislike Monarchy, they dislike the Septennate. They can unite to reject any proposal that may be made to them, but they cannot unite to carry one. No doubt this is a perfectly correct description of the position in which the Assembly finds itself. But to say this is to say that the Assembly has ceased to have any right to go on, not governing France so much as preventing France from being governed. Is there any reasonable deputy who does not admit, at least to himself, that any Constitution which had a

decent chance of lasting—whether it were Republican or Monarchical, or a cross between the two—would be better than no Constitution at all? If the Republic were proclaimed, there would be certainty, at any rate for a time. If the Monarchy were restored, there would be certainty, at any rate for a time. If the Septennate were organized, there would be certainty, for six years and a quarter. But in the absence of all these solutions even provisional certainty is unattainable. No merchant who contracts to buy or deliver goods twelve months hence can say under what Government he will then be living. Marshal MACMAHON has told the Assembly that when it re-assembles after the vacation he shall expect it to pass those constitutional laws which he thinks essential to the proper conduct of public affairs. But to all appearance the Assembly will be as powerless then as now to do what he asks, and no one knows what is to follow when this inability to act has been demonstrated. Will the MARSHAL decree a dissolution of his own mere motion, and order fresh elections to be held in contempt of the protests of the Assembly? or will he put up with the slight implied in the refusal to give him the powers which he has declared to be indispensable to the due exercise of his office? Either way the future is full of anxiety and trouble, and the prospect owes most of its darkness to the obstinacy of the Assembly in continuing to reign after it has lost the faculty of governing. A dissolution is the only remedy for the evils which at present afflict France. Even to-day it would not be so efficacious a remedy as it would have been a year ago, and the longer it is delayed the more its virtue will have gone out of it.

THE ANNEXATION OF FIJI.

AS an ardent supporter of the annexation of Fiji, Mr. M'ARTHUR made a blunder in asking the House of Commons to approve of the decision of the Government, and to affirm a doubtful proposition. It is impossible to prove that the chiefs, the native population, and the white residents have expressed or feel a unanimous desire for annexation; and the opponents of the scheme justly object that, even if Mr. M'ARTHUR's assumption is well founded, the interests of England may possibly be incompatible with the wishes of the inhabitants of Fiji. After Lord CARNARVON's speech, which was followed by Mr. DISRAELI's mysterious intimation at the Mansion House, nothing could be gained by a superfluous appeal to the House of Commons. It was perhaps natural that the most zealous promoter of annexation should call attention to the success of his own efforts; but prudent men, when they have had their own way, are rather disposed to efface themselves than to claim too loudly the honour due to their energy and foresight. A majority of three to one rescued Mr. M'ARTHUR from the possible consequences of his indiscreet interference; and he may claim the credit of having given occasion for an interesting debate. Whatever may be the advantages of the proposed annexation, the vote of the House affords a satisfactory proof that the timid policy of Mr. COBDEN, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH finds as little favour with Parliament as with the country. Extreme dread of expense and responsibility is unworthy of the statesmen of a great Empire. Although Sir WILFRID LAWSON was justified in remarking that there was no immediate question of surrendering any colonial possession, Mr. LOWTHER's repudiation of the theory of abandonment was not irrelevant to the discussion. Mr. GLADSTONE's special arguments against the acceptance of the cession would have been varied if it had been proposed to acquire another territory in different circumstances; but the fundamental objection to an ambitious or Imperial policy would have been in all cases the same. When England was engaged in war in any part of the world, Mr. COBDEN always wrote an eloquent pamphlet to prove that the particular quarrel was the most unjust and the most dangerous which could by possibility have arisen. The conclusion having been settled beforehand, there was no difficulty in finding reasons to support it as plausible as Mr. GLADSTONE's objections to the annexation of Fiji. By the simplest of rhetorical artifices, all the difficulties and all the inconveniences of an enterprise may be forcibly stated, while the direct and indirect advantages are not even mentioned. Mr. GLADSTONE not unreasonably objected to Mr. M'ARTHUR's statement that the House of Commons was gratified by the decision of the Government. No increase, however

great, of the dominion and power of the British Empire would afford Mr. GLADSTONE the smallest gratification.

As might have been expected, Mr. GLADSTONE made the most of the popular feeling against the institution of slavery. According to an established and questionable commonplace, the power of England can in no case be exercised in maintaining a practice which is almost universal among the uncivilized races which alone offer facilities for subjection. In the case of the Gold Coast the Ministers, through Mr. LOWTHER, evaded the difficulty by announcing that the Government of the country would not be called a Government, but a Protectorate. If the use of fallacies and fictions were not inveterate and sacred, it might be suggested that the evils of slavery depend upon its existence, and not on the relation of the English Government to the community in which it is practised. On the West coast of Africa and in the South Pacific nothing tends so certainly to the extinction of slavery as the establishment of English sovereignty. A sound and healthy morality condemns the practice of saintly virtues for the reflex purpose of improving the spiritual prospects of the self-denying and selfish Saint. The horror of participation in slavery which is combined with indifference to slavery itself is an analogous form of semi-conscious dishonesty. Genuine philanthropy would, if it troubled itself about the matter, regard exclusively the welfare of the slave, whose best chance of emancipation must depend on his acquiring the privileges of an English subject. It happens that in Fiji the sanctimonious argument of slavery was less applicable than on the Gold Coast. Sir C. DILKE and Mr. GLADSTONE had imagined for themselves a statement which nowhere occurs in the Report of the Commissioners. Instead of domestic slavery, it seems that the inhabitants of Fiji are merely liable to indefinite servitudes, which mainly resolve themselves into the payment of rents and tributes to the chiefs. As in more civilized countries, the superior probably exacts as much as he can get from his client; and it is improbable that his facilities for extortion will be increased when chief and vassal are made equally subject to English law. If compulsory personal service exists in any case, the obligation will be relaxed by the inevitable refusal of the Governor and his subordinate officers to enforce the obedience of the servant to the master. The prudery which shrinks from possible contamination by contact with slavery deserves little respect. It was evident that Mr. GLADSTONE only urged the objection because he disliked the proposal of extending English dominion. His first reason against annexation was that it would involve a dispute with the United States, of whose mode of conducting international controversy he has undoubtedly had painful experience.

It is pleasant to turn from solemn scruples and conventional anxieties to humorous and paradoxical exaggerations. Lord CAERNARVON'S policy, however objectionable, has happily not depressed Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S spirits, although he has discovered that the Fiji Islands are inhabited by 100,000 Methodists, 20,000 cannibals, and a few thousands of disreputable white adventurers, afflicted for the most part with *delirium tremens*. As an alternative for annexation, Sir WILFRID LAWSON proposes that the sufferers from an indigenous beverage far more pernicious than alcohol should be deported; and that either the Methodists should convert the cannibals, or the cannibals should eat the Methodists. It is a curious fact that the detestable habit of eating human flesh prevails almost exclusively among races of considerable capacity for improvement. Sir W. LAWSON'S Methodists were themselves cannibals only a few years ago; and although Methodism may be connected with ludicrous associations, the conversion to Christianity of an entire savage community is an achievement of which the Wesleyan missionaries have every right to be proud. It is highly probable that it may become necessary to coerce the still barbarous mountaineers; nor can it be doubted that the white population includes a large proportion of unscrupulous adventurers. It is because English settlers have established themselves in the islands that it becomes expedient to follow in their track with legal order and with settled government. It has already been found necessary to practise a constant, though anomalous, interference in their concerns and in their relations to the natives, and a Governor selected for his capacity and experience will discharge the duty of control more satisfactorily than the captain of a vessel or the commodore of a squadron who may happen to find himself in the waters of Fiji. The speakers in the debate, either by accident or

with sound judgment, abstained from reference to one of the most urgent reasons for accepting, without too close an inquiry into unanimity, the cession of the islands. It is impossible that the present condition of Fiji should be permanent, and the offer of allegiance, if rejected by England, may sooner or later be accepted by some Power which would be a troublesome neighbour and rival. The Australian colonies, instead of amusing themselves with contrasts between Methodists and cannibals, unanimously desire the annexation of Fiji.

The narrow and negative character of Mr. GLADSTONE'S colonial policy is conspicuously illustrated by his reference to the precedent of New Zealand. He fears that the cost and loss of life which were incurred in the wars with the Maoris may be reproduced in the Fiji Islands. If his argument has any meaning, he must imply that the settlement of New Zealand was an impolitic measure resulting in a preponderance of disaster. Before the voyage of Captain Cook the islands which now bear the name of New Zealand contained no wild or domestic quadruped, nor did they produce any kind of grain. Forty years ago the inhabitants, though by nature manly and intelligent, were cannibals and pagans; and the elements of civilization were unknown. It is unfortunately possible that the native race may disappear, but the existing tribes have adopted Christianity and civilized institutions and practices, and a prosperous society of Englishmen occupies regions which were formerly a useless wilderness. The harbours of the islands are thronged with shipping; there is a large and elastic revenue and a rapidly growing trade; and European productions are to a great extent supplanting the native vegetation. Before the end of a century from the foundation of the colony New Zealand will contain many millions of Englishmen enjoying the fullest advantages of the latest forms of civilization; yet the sight of what exists, and the certain prospect of a brilliant future, offer to Mr. GLADSTONE'S mind no equivalent for the expenditure in native wars of ten or eleven millions. If it were certain that the Fiji Islands would present as large a return for the sacrifices which may be incurred by annexation, Mr. GLADSTONE would, if he is serious in his reasoning, still object to the addition of a few annual thousands to the Colonial Estimates, and to the possible risk of occasional skirmishes with the barbarous highland tribes. If he had enjoyed the opportunity of remonstrating with MOSES and JOSHUA, he would have proved to them that the grapes of Eschol would be too expensive; nor would he have taken any interest in the prophecy that the inhabitants of the Promised Land should exceed in number the sands of the sea-shore. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, with his cannibals, his Methodists, and his drunkards, is less unstatesmanlike than Mr. GLADSTONE, and much more amusing.

THE END OF THE WORSHIP BILL.

THE Public Worship Bill has closed its eccentric career in a final concession to moderation and good sense, ungraciously and grudgingly yielded by the House of Commons. In considering the Bill upon the Report, the House had already declined to interfere with the concessions as to the date of its commencement and the scope of its penalties, distasteful as these were to its Lancashire backers; and it snubbed Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S proposal for paying the Judge. Its next occupation was to address itself to Mr. GLADSTONE'S motion to reject the provision under which, at Mr. HOLT'S instance, the discretion of the Bishop to stop frivolous suits was crippled by an appeal to the Archbishop. Those who wish to read what passed on that occasion will find it in *Hansard*. The practical result was that, the proposal having been boisterously carried by nearly three to one, the motion to rescind it was only lost by 118 to 95, after a debate in which Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. HARDY, and Dr. BALL were found on one side, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on the other. Mr. CROSS, too, accepted the excision in his character of warm supporter of the Bill, and announced on behalf of the two ARCHBISHOPS that they wished the provision to be struck out, in spite of which the RECORDER refused to yield. The Bill in due time went back to the Lords, and then the PRIMATES—with a levity for which we were not prepared even after the experience of the Session—were found protesting in favour of the appeal which they had so lately repudiated by

the mouth of the HOME SECRETARY, though they were willing to take it either as it stood in the Bill or in a slightly worse form, for which they had persuaded Lord CAIRNS to stand temporary sponsor. For once the Metropolitans did not lead the Episcopal Bench. The Bishops, whose help at earlier stages of the Bill would have been so seasonable in standing between the ARCHBISHOPS and their intended victims, at length plucked heart of grace at this last attempt to substitute a sham Papacy for the old system of diocesan episcopacy. They had wasted alike influence, respect, and positive power in their uncourageous submission to Lambeth and Bishopsthorpe, but at last a point was reached at which to yield would have been absolute suicide. So, under the lead of the Bishop of WINCHESTER, whose earnest speech was followed by those of his brethren of LINCOLN and OXFORD, eight Bishops dared to vote against their own humiliation, while no one of the order was found to support the PRIMATES in their capricious and self-aggrandizing policy. Lord HATHERLEY's protest against the provision was the more weighty from the hot zeal which he had thrown into his support of the Bill, while the unofficial speeches which came from the Government bench were those of Lord CARNARVON and of Lord SALISBURY, whose advice to the Lords not to be frightened by bluster produced a strange effect upon Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The upshot was that the obnoxious provision was struck out by 44 to 32, after which the new clause about the chapels of Colleges and Inns of Court fell without a division.

The Lords' amendments came under the review of the Lower House on Wednesday, and, on the pretext that a disagreement with the Lords would lose the Bill by efflux of time, the Commons made a surrender, the unconditional character of which came out in the clamorous and incoherent complaints with which it was accompanied. Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, like the Homeric hero, willingly yielded with an unwilling mind. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT made a speech which was both long and loud, full of big words and bigger assertions, though a trifle too obstreperously Protestant for artistic effect. As, however, we conclude that every person who reads it will also have read the reply of Mr. GLADSTONE, we shall not dissect this portentous oration. We agree with the ex-PRIME Minister in respecting the Parliamentary youth of the learned knight, and we venture therefore as friends to point out that, while Mr. DISRAELI's policy towards Sir ROBERT PEEL is no doubt full of fascination for an embryo statesman, the copy, if it is to be successful, ought at all events to be accurate. Little as Mr. DISRAELI's philippics were to the taste of Sir ROBERT PEEL's Cabinet, tradition does not report that any of his colleagues described those brilliant diatribes as "pompous, overbearing, egotistical, prosy." Mr. DISRAELI had not some few months before his campaign accepted high office from the Minister whose critic he made himself, nor did he set off his sarcasms against his ostensible chief by flattering and patronizing the leader on the other side. The PREMIER had in his turn to eat the leek which the Lords had sent him, so he comforted himself in repeating with an emphasis that the object of the Bill was to put down Ritualism, in vituperating Ritualists and praising High Churchmen in phrases so nicely assorted as to enable him under any emergency to act in any way towards any Church phenomenon under either appellative, and in lavishly deriding his own Indian Secretary. Mr. NEWDEGATE, Colonel BARTELOT, and Mr. HOLT successively showed that they had not learned the art of taking an unpleasant dose as if they liked it.

The question of the Judge and his payment is a comparatively minor matter, but its Parliamentary history is so odd that we must dwell a little on it. The Bill as it originally appeared in the Commons provided that the salary of the Judge should be a lien on the common fund of the Ecclesiastical Commission. This proposal gave great contentment to Dissenters, but Churchmen in general, and Mr. GLADSTONE in particular, were indignant at an inroad upon moneys set apart to meet the growing spiritual wants of the Church. Accordingly the provision was withdrawn in Committee, with the understanding that some substitute should, if possible, be provided on Report. The day of Report drew near, and Mr. DISRAELI moved in the preliminary Committee which the forms of the House require for proposals affecting public moneys that the Consolidated Fund should be liable for the salary, with an elaborate machinery for recoupment from contingent fees. It was now the turn for Churchmen to agree, and for Dissenters to be discontented. They tried their strength

under the lead of their faithful ally, Mr. DILLWYN, and were conspicuously beaten; but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with his fine scent for a coming row, gave notice of a counter-clause to reinstate the Ecclesiastical Commission as the source of the salary, also with recouping provisions. So the House met for the Report, when Mr. DISRAELI rose and announced in mysterious language that a retired Judge of eminence was ready to take the new office gratis, and that he accordingly withdrew his clause. There was probably no one in the House who did not feel that to plant so important a measure in the Statute Book, with no safer or more permanent guarantee for its working than the life of an exceptionally generous but no longer youthful ex-Judge, was hardly safe or decorous. However, members whispered to each other that the person indicated was Lord PENZANCE, and no one demurred. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT moved his clause, was told by Mr. GLADSTONE that his financial speculations were "pure, absolute, undiluted moonshine," and was beaten, and so the matter dropped till the third reading, when another surprise was started on the bewildered House. Mr. DISRAELI again rose and read a letter from the two ARCHBISHOPS explicitly stating that the Judge whom they intended to appoint was Lord PENZANCE, but explaining that it was all a mistake that he had offered to work for nothing. On the contrary, he looked for his remuneration to the contingent fees. Mr. DISRAELI's explanation of his previous statement was that another very eminent ex-Judge was at the time in his mind. The House of course accepted the explanation, but felt how odd the coincidence was that led it universally to fix upon Lord PENZANCE. The result is that the Judge has been found, but not the salary. Individual munificence has frequently done eccentric things; why should it not endow a Judgeship? It has adorned Leicester Square, why should it not invigorate an Archbishops' Bill?

The Bill has now become an Act. The two men in England who have, we believe, been least successful in appreciating its probable effects upon the National Church are the Archbishops of CANTERBURY and YORK. In their eyes it is a triumph and a source of power. To other persons, whether they accept it with fear or hope, it is a tremendous experiment, and an engine which requires to be worked with exceptional carefulness. It is not, like the Endowed School Commission, a single organization, which may be dropped, continued, or reconstituted according as it satisfies or disappoints popular expectation. It is a rigid scheme for placing all sorts and conditions of people, most widely differing in temper, taste, temperament, knowledge, opinions, and position—parishioners, parsons, churchwardens, dignitaries, archbishops, suffragans, judges—who have never hitherto been much accustomed to work together, in the most intimate and often hostile relations to each other, upon very complicated questions which most deeply stir the soul, and with no better guide than the jejune provisions of a statute which has never worn the same aspect for two days together before either House of Parliament. We hope for the best, but we must confess that the conduct and language during its progress of those who have been mainly responsible for the measure have not been such as to fill us with confidence.

THE SUFFOLK FARMERS AND THE UNIONISTS.

THE Suffolk farmers have fairly earned the gratitude of their own order, and the respect of those who have most loudly censured their conduct. No more resolute body of men has at any time accepted a formidable contest or achieved a success unexpected except by the farmers themselves. Until lately they have received little countenance from the landlords, who were excusably unwilling to identify themselves with the cause of either combatant. The disinterested and well-meant counsels addressed to the farmers by volunteer advisers were nearly all in the highest degree discouraging. They were assured that they had selected a false issue, that they were courting inevitable defeat, and even that, in the opinion of the Bishop of MANCHESTER, they were collectively mad. The threats and vituperation of the demagogues who guided the labourers might have frightened timid employers, but the indignation which was provoked by violent and unjust attacks proved to be a safer guide than fear. When the agitators demanded the subdivision of the land and the overthrow of the existing order of society, the farmers were only confirmed

in their original conviction that the managers of the Labourers' Union were their irreconcilable enemies. It will indeed not be possible, as it would not be just, to prevent the labourers from combining to raise wages; but the rules of the Union against which war was originally declared were in the highest degree tyrannical and oppressive. Demagogues at Leamington, or at some other distant place, were empowered to suspend at their pleasure the agricultural industry of any district, and their code prescribed the conditions on which alone workmen were henceforth to accept employment. As the result proved, the policy of Mr. ARCH and his associates was too crude and too audacious. When a strike was ordered at Exning the farmers of the district at once understood that their enemies had determined to attack and crush them in detail. Their combined refusal to employ members of the Union brought upon them the condemnation of nearly the whole English press, of many economists, and, as a matter of course, of the pugnacious and intolerant sect of philanthropists.

It is useless to reason with prejudice and passion, but the criticism which was founded on economic arguments has been answered by the event. In the struggle between employers and workmen, as in actual war, the main question is not as to the ethical merits of the quarrel, but as to the comparative strength of the contending parties. To strangers it appeared scarcely possible that the farmers could dispense throughout the year with the services of their former labourers; and, on the other hand, it was known that large funds would be forthcoming for the maintenance of the men during the continuance of the lock-out. The farmers fortunately relied with confidence on their knowledge of their own district, and of the character and habits of the population. The members of the Union had suddenly converted into a mere trial of strength relations which had never before been strictly commercial. If the labourers had exercised their own independent judgment on matters with which they were thoroughly familiar, they would have been aware that much of the work of a farm was, if not superfluous, at least optional. It had been customary to provide employment for the men which might not perhaps be directly or certainly profitable to the farmer. The finish and perfection of agriculture in the Eastern Counties left a margin for the exercise of discretion. As soon as the bulk of the labourers were dismissed, all unnecessary work was at once suspended; and in many cases the farmer himself and his family were willing to undertake for a time some part of the most pressing labour. In every village a certain number of men, including those who were most highly paid and most confidentially employed, disapproved of the measures for which the lock-out was a retaliation. Nearly every employer of eight or ten men welcomed the opportunity of parting with one or more idle or insubordinate servants whom he would not have voluntarily dismissed. The agitators were probably not aware that the labourers in regular employ whom they described as oppressed serfs formed in a certain sense an aristocracy or privileged class as distinguished from the poorest part of the population. There were many new applicants for regular work and wages; and if the new comers were less skilful than their indiscreet predecessors, it was worth while to make a considerable sacrifice for the preservation of freedom. The most skilful cultivators in the world received with angry contempt the statements of seditious journalists and itinerant agitators that the substitution of small freeholds for large farms would reduce by a third or a half the price of agricultural produce. Threats of rebellion or of practical violence were still less calculated to move the stout hearts of the associated farmers.

Both parties had from the first foreseen that the decisive moment of the struggle would commence with the beginning of harvest. The farmers could not even for the sake of principle and of independence have allowed their crops to rot on the ground for want of labour. On the other hand, the wholesome belief in the paramount importance of securing the grain prevails widely, notwithstanding the efforts of demagogues, in the rural districts. Public opinion would inevitably condemn employer or workman who caused the destruction of the next year's food. The hot summer accelerated by a week or two the termination of the strife. After the middle of July the malcontent labourers saw with dismay that, by means of reaping machines and with the aid of labourers from neighbouring

districts, the harvest was proceeding, perhaps slowly, but without visible interruption. A month of idleness at this time means the loss to an able-bodied man of 10*l.*, and to a family of a much larger sum. The farmers in the meantime suffered nothing worse than a certain amount of delay, and perhaps an additional percentage of expense. In the settled dry weather there was no hurry in housing the crops; and long before the end of August the country will present an unbroken expanse of stubble. The managers of the disturbance had no need to look, like a combatant in MILTON or HOMER, for a celestial balance when their scale was hopelessly depressed. When the farmers were evidently about to pass undefeated through the time of harvest, it was useless to test any further an indomitable power of resistance. Accordingly the Council of the Union announced that their funds would no longer suffice for the distribution of the customary allowance, and that they could henceforth only assist their clients to migrate either to other parts of England or to America and Canada. They of course affect to cover their retreat by boastful phrases, but they will not speedily recover from its effects. Even the heavy drain which must have exhausted their resources will not be felt so deeply as the proof that they had miscalculated their own strength and the firmness of their adversaries.

Translated into technical language, the victory of the employers means that there was in or near the scene of the struggle an extra supply of labour, or that there was an opportunity of reducing the demand. The farmers had never before desired to conduct their business according to the strict laws of the market, and when they were forced into the struggle they could only ascertain by experiment the existence of a surplus of labour. It may be hoped that their just confidence, both in their own resources and in the justice of their cause, will be rewarded by a period of exemption from external hostility. Many years must elapse before a candidate for a seat in the Eastern counties will venture to declare himself in favour of an extension of the suffrage to the labourers. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. TREVELYAN may be impressed with the anomaly of a difference of political rights depending on the place of residence; and Mr. DISRAELI may condescend to profess implicit confidence in a loyal peasantry. The Suffolk farmer will long remember the breach between himself and his men, and their implicit and exclusive confidence in the strangers who denounced the masters as tyrants. Perhaps even sentimental politicians are beginning to learn that Mr. ARCH is something short of an inspired prophet or benevolent apostle. Some allowance may be made for an uneducated orator suddenly raised into notoriety, and applauded, as demagogues are always applauded, by mobs in proportion to the extravagance of his statements and proposals; but it must be remembered that an excuse is not a justification. After his recent speeches, Mr. ARCH must take rank with the ODGERS and the BRADLAUGHS, who are not the less mischievous disturbers of social order because their violence may sometimes admit of explanation. If the Labourers' Union had succeeded in the Eastern counties, the economy of agriculture throughout England would have been seriously and perhaps hopelessly deranged. The alleged lowness of wages in Suffolk was, even if it had been truly described, not the real cause of the agitation, for in Lincolnshire, where wages are considerably higher than in Suffolk, a strike was arranged by the Union at the same time. Demagogues will henceforth take notice that farmers, as a class, are not easily frightened or coerced.

FRANCE AND ROME.

THE Archbishop of PARIS has lately returned from Rome, and he has embodied the impressions made on him by his stay there in a Pastoral Letter to the Faithful of his diocese. He first describes the joy he derived from his frequent visits to the Vatican, from the paternal interest which the Pope showed in the well being of the diocese of Paris, from the three opportunities vouchsafed to him of hearing HIS HOLINESS give public expression to the sacred and noble thoughts which guide his actions in these troublous times, and from the cordial affection displayed towards him by his brother Cardinals. If this had been all that the ARCHBISHOP had to tell, it is probable that the Pastoral would have remained unwritten. But these exalted consolations were only a merciful provision to enable Cardinal GUIBERT to bear up under the sorrowful

spectacles which he saw all around him. Even his interviews with the POPE took place in a palace which to its inmate is no better than a prison, because he cannot cross its threshold without exposing himself to humiliating insults or equally humiliating protection. Convents and monasteries are everywhere being turned into Government offices. Even the Papal palaces, with the exception of the Vatican, have not escaped this profane intrusion. The State has taken possession of the Papal University, and by suppressing religious orders has virtually destroyed the religious character of the higher education in Rome. The eminent men who once aided the POPE in the government of the Christian world are scattered, and the POPE, with only his own high courage to sustain him, is reduced to the situation of a dependent, and sees nothing around him but avowed hostility, acquiescent indifference, or powerless and disarmed friendship. The Church needs to be governed by a Pope who is independent of every temporal authority, and every one who admits this must see that the Italian revolution is a problem which can have but one of two solutions—its own failure, or the suppression of Christianity. It may be doubted whether Cardinal GUIBERT would himself submit to be bound by this tremendous piece of logic. When he is not formally addressing his diocese, he would probably admit that it is not the business of an Archbishop to set bounds to Divine providence, and that ALMIGHTY GOD may conceivably see three ways out of a dilemma where the Sacred College can see only two. But the objects of the Pastoral Letter are better served by strength of denunciation than by accuracy of statement. The ignorant faithful have to be stimulated to make the cause of PIUS IX. their own, and the discerning faithful have to be reminded that the Church cares for no service which does not restore to her the corner-stone on which she now claims to be founded—the temporal sovereignty of the POPE. When such work as this is in hand, it is no good to mince matters. If Cardinal GUIBERT thought that it would serve the cause which he has at heart, he would probably specify the day on which, as well as the means by which, the Catholic Church is to be destroyed. It is generally believed that the Legitimists are about to make a final effort for the restoration of HENRY V., and it becomes important to indicate unmistakably in what shape the Church will expect to be rewarded for such aid as she may be able to give to this enterprise. No mere extension of spiritual influence at home will serve her turn. Any gain in this direction will only be valued as means to an end.

It is this that constitutes the essential weakness of the Ultramontane position all over Europe. The policy of the Church is in every country a foreign policy. It does not appeal to the people in their own interests, but in the interests of a distant sovereign. It asks them to make the greatest possible sacrifices merely because they may remotely serve the purposes which that distant sovereign has in view. In Prussia, for example, the Catholic laity are threatened with the loss of the sacraments because the POPE and Prince BISMARCK are at issue about the restoration of the temporal power. In France the laity are urged to intrigue or conspire against one Government after another, because there is no Government but that of HENRY V. which the clergy can count upon to do what they want. This attitude of the Church damages its real interests in two ways. In the first place, it weakens its hold on the laity. It is only at rare intervals, and for very short periods, that religious people can be moved to strong excitement about ecclesiastical affairs in other countries. They will be zealous in behalf of their own spiritual concerns, but they will soon grow languid when the end proposed for all their labours is not the spiritual freedom of the POPE, but the maintenance of a certain temporal dignity which the clergy assert to be essential to his spiritual freedom. The most priest-ridden of mankind may like to feel that their souls are cared for for their own sakes, and not because those who claim to guide them have an object to gain which needs the aid of submissive disciples. In the second place, the present attitude of the Church brings it into inevitable antagonism with civil Governments. It is impossible to stir Catholic Europe into a crusade on behalf of the POPE. In this respect the Government of HENRY V. would be quite as backward as the Governments of Marshal MACMAHON or M. THIERS. No sovereign had more to gain by keeping the POPE on the throne than NAPOLEON III., but even he found the course of events too strong for him, and what he could not do when his power

was greatest is not likely to be done by any of those who may succeed him. If the Count of CHAMBORD were restored this autumn, his popularity with the clergy would not last a year. The Legitimate Monarchy would do as little for the POPE as the Septennate or the Republic or the Empire. The Church cannot place herself in perpetual antagonism to the civil power in matters which the common sense of mankind has determined to be essentially temporal without in time falling into discredit with the subjects of the civil power. Instead of winning sympathy on the score of resistance to usurpation, she obtains a character for attempting usurpation.

There never was a time when the Roman Catholic clergy throughout Europe were so completely aliens in the countries to which they severally belong as they are now. In the sixteenth century the Popes cared as much perhaps for the extension of their temporal power as PIUS IX. cares for its restoration. But the objects of the sixteenth-century Popes were purely secular. They schemed and fought to aggrandize themselves as Italian princes, and they employed the same weapons that other Italian princes employed. Their enterprises were not commended to the prayers of the Universal Church. It was possible to be a good Catholic and yet to be actively engaged in thwarting the political action of the Sovereign Pontiff. After that time the Popes ceased to cherish any temporal ambition, and their possession of such territory as they had came to be accepted as a matter of course. Under these circumstances there was no reason why the Roman Catholic clergy should busy themselves with ecclesiastical affairs, except in so far as they bore upon their position and work in their own country. At present the temporal power of the POPE has been overthrown, with the assent of the majority of nominal Catholics; and yet it is elevated by the clergy, following the example of PIUS IX. himself, to a dignity which is not easily distinguishable from that of a theological dogma. There is no part of Christian belief about which anything stronger can well be asserted than that it is inseparably connected with the existence of Christianity. As has been said, Cardinal GUIBERT does not probably, in his private capacity, accept this theory in quite the form in which he has chosen to promulgate it in his public capacity. But official persons cannot complain if they are held to their word; and if the Archbishop of PARIS were held to his, it is difficult to see how he could remain a loyal subject of a Government which so neglects its duty as the Government of Marshal MACMAHON. If the existence of Christianity is really at stake, we should expect a Catholic ruler of France—and no suspicion has ever been hinted against Marshal MACMAHON's orthodoxy—to intervene, if it were only by way of diplomacy, to prevent the imminent catastrophe. Instead of this, all that Marshal MACMAHON does is to instruct his Ministers to express regret that the Archbishop of PARIS should have put out such a Pastoral. Probably both the MARSHAL and the ARCHBISHOP are perfectly aware that neither of them is in the least in earnest. The MARSHAL knows that the ARCHBISHOP is not at all anxious to see the ruin of France completed by a war with Italy, followed, as it almost certainly would be, by a new German invasion. The ARCHBISHOP knows that the MARSHAL appreciates the necessity a Cardinal is under of adopting the phrases in which the POPE is pleased to describe the loss of his dominions, and that he bears him no malice on account of the Pastoral which on political grounds he has been obliged publicly to disapprove. After all, what may be called the practical application of the ARCHBISHOP's exhortations is sufficiently inoffensive. It is the duty, he says, of every faithful Christian to protest as loudly as he can against the treatment to which the POPE is subjected, and to be instant in prayer that his trials may soon come to an end. If this is all that Cardinal GUIBERT desires, it seems hardly necessary to have represented Christianity as in such imminent peril. To denounce the acts of a foreign Government does not involve any great sacrifice to a patriotic Frenchman; to pray for the POPE ought not to be an irksome duty to a devout Catholic. Either result might have been secured without prophesying the destruction of Christianity in the event of the temporal power not being restored. Zeal which requires so sharp a spur as this must surely have grown somewhat languid. We hope that the Archbishop of PARIS will live long enough to see that the spiritual freedom of the Popes needs no better guarantee than the obvious convenience of their spiritual subjects.

LOSSES.

LOSSES are of all sorts, some too closely personal for ready recognition. We lose our memory, our temper, our head; we lose our good looks, all at once or by instalments; we lose our credit or our influence. These losses are all more or less serious, but they do not necessarily make an impression on the loser. They may happen to us without our being vividly aware of them. The losses we are now concerned with are those which make a distinct impression, and these are material losses outside ourselves—losses of property. Every loss of property, however small, that is painfully realized at the time, secures for itself a niche in the memory. We never forget the losses of our childhood; the toy, the sixpence, the trumpery ornament, if its loss once cost us a pang, is one of Time's most durable landmarks. What a sense of groping wonder overshadowed the first mysterious disappearance of one of those valuables before we became accustomed to the idea of loss in the abstract! How strange to have it and then to miss it for ever—no human agency traceable! Where did that purse, prophetic of future wealth, that glittering gewgaw, go to, that we saw it no more? What a value attaches still to these vanished treasures! Such losses become the lasting possessions of juvenile memory. For loss, like early death, imparts a sanctity to things commonplace in themselves. Loss is instant promotion. The lost watch beats all its successors. The umbrellas we lose were superior articles to the faithful slaves that wear themselves to ribbons in our service. The sticks had a romance about them akin to that lost stick of the Antiquary's cut in the classic woods of Hawthornden. No knife, seal, or pencil-case that we can handle equals the lost one that hopelessly disappeared into space. We are half-conscious in all this of a pleasing exercise of imagination. We magnify the departed; we do not in our heart want the lost treasure to turn up for the purpose of verifying our description. Loss, so long as it confines itself to our humbler belongings, imparts a tenderness and dignity to our familiar past which it would be unwise to exchange for restoration and possession.

But if trifles lost make an indelible impression, what shall we say of losses on a grander scale? "Il n'y a qu'une affliction qui dure," says that close observer La Bruyère, "qui est celle qui vient de la perte de biens." "Loss of fortune is the only lasting affliction. Time, which softens all other losses, embitters this one. We feel every moment of our whole life how much we miss the wealth we have lost." This sounds like cynicism, but there are reasons for it in the nature of things. Time finds for all other losses a substitute, a successor of some sort. The affections cannot do without an object, so they find one. But a second fortune does not come because it is wanted. Of loss of fortune we may say that on the first shock men unconsciously take their cue from the world; that is, they take losses very much as they have reason to expect that other people will take them for them. With some—with more than the average—the loss of fortune is understood by all about them to be irretrievable ruin. The old, the unattractive, the ungifted, know this, and look for no support from without; they realize the consequences, recognize the calamity for what it is, and succumb at once. Those, on the contrary, who have something in themselves to fall back upon, who have personal gifts which they have reason to think stand higher in the world's estimation than the money they have lost, accept their misfortunes more magnanimously. We have known beautiful women besides Madame Récamier cheerful and almost indifferent under pecuniary loss. This is commendable, but they know nothing of the trial to a plain old maid under the same circumstances. Money makes little or no difference in the interest they create in society, in the warmth of its welcome. They are still personages, and to make one a personage is all that money can do after it has supplied nature's material wants. Sir Walter Scott, when the news of the great crash came to him from Ballantyne, showed such wonderful control of manner and countenance that no one of his houseful of guests could have believed that anything was the matter. Who can doubt that he was supported by the world's faith in his genius and illimitable resources, a faith which by an effort he made his own? Powers which had done such wonders could repeat them. He could not believe in ruin. He was magnanimous, not through accepting a fact, but overriding and so ignoring it. Now in these cases especially we see the truth of La Bruyère's dictum. The beauty and the genius feel their losses not less, but more, as time gets on. A certain poignancy of regret, unfelt at first, creeps in as charms fade, and invention flags, as the world ceases to admire or to read; while the dull and unimaginative, who grasped their trouble from the first, have brooded over it till it shadows their whole being. We are speaking of course only of natural consequences and effects—of men, not of Christians. Resignation and submission to a Superior Will are supernatural graces.

But great losses are the tragedy of our subject, of which, happily, most men have no experience. There is a medium class of losses, making no importunate demand on our magnanimity, of which everybody knows the annoyance by experience—the loss which throws a man on self-reproach or in search for a victim. We speak of the loss which a leading novelist would define by no grandiose epithet, for his phrase, "serious bit of money," exactly hits the case—the loss, not of fortune, but, say, the twentieth part of a limited income—a loss making no difference in the way of living, affecting the consciousness of nobody but the loser, just that purse which he who steals steals trash. But how such a loss grows with time and reflection! or rather with the various de-

mands—unexpected, uncalculated on—which arise as surely as though we had reckoned on them with all our foresight. That ten, twenty, fifty pounds—what would they not have done if only we had not lost them! All the exactions of social life seem harder when, in some trance of carelessness, we have lost what, because it would have discharged any one of them, we apply by turns to all. No money is spent so often in imagination, or performs such feats of liquidation, as lost money. The first sensation of a loss of any importance is incredulity. Few people are clear-headed enough to be able to embrace at once in its entirety the fact that the missing treasure is gone for ever. It takes some time to realize sudden misfortune which comes in the form of a void, a mere absence. Several stages have to be passed through, which is a happy provision of our nature. When at length we stand face to face with fact, our spirit has risen to the emergency. It is not half so bad, we reflect, as some social mortification, some flagrant blunder, the missing of some long-sought-for opportunity by a hair's-breadth, some sudden revelation of an irretrievable folly. A thousand other annoyances produce a much more tingling sensation than the mere loss of money. Our philosophy at first has an easier part to play than in soothing a wound to our self-love. But things of that sort have a way of righting themselves. Vexations of feeling soon wear themselves out; our indiscretions sometimes turn out for the best and do us a good service. The failure of the most important appointment is not so full of evil consequences as our fears conjured up; we forget all about it in a week. But money never seems worth less, and seldom is of less consequence to the spender, through mere passage of time. It makes itself wings, but out of sight is not out of mind. And the provocation is kept up and aggravated by the duty of throwing good money after bad in fruitless efforts at recovery. All forms of hue-and-cry, advertisements in the *Times*, handbills proclaiming the calamity, &c., &c., are not so much the endeavours of a reasonable hope as decent funeral obsequies of the defunct possession, without which we could not make confession or tell our tale with credit.

For, after all, few misfortunes but have their bright side; and La Bruyère's saying does not apply in its severity to mere curtailment of income and a temporary pinch. There is a sense of credit in having, like Dogberry, had our losses. People cannot boast of the money they possess, but it is permitted to them to make what conversational capital they can out of the money they have lost. The topic is a social equalizer, and sets all tongues loose. He who has lost the biggest sum takes precedence. Intellect only tells in setting off loss in sensational or picturesque colours; memory distinguishes itself solely as it caps one story by another more grievous and pathetic; temper and disposition are seen in the view taken of the most recent examples. Some are sanguine without reason, and know the most extraordinary cases of finding and recovery; some are only intent upon proving to the loser that he has himself to blame, expatiating on their own precautions; some use the occasion to infuse general mistrust; for it is one incidental mischief of losses from the person that innocent people fall under suspicion, since it is impossible with some minds not to account for mischance by laying it on somebody's shoulders. And it is such losses as these that make topics of conversation. A shareholder may be said to be losing whenever shares go down, but though the sum lost may be the same in either case, it is what we see and handle that makes the impression. The losses that stamp themselves on the memory are those which the senses of sight and touch have made our own.

A loss of that which our fingers feel for, which our eyes search for in vain, reveals to us how much more the poor man realizes, and therefore enjoys, possession than the rich. All that he has he holds, as it were, in his hand; it is never out of his reach, he never forgets it. No pecuniary loss that does not involve real distress is felt with such anguish of realization as loss of earnings. The woman who goes to market with a week's wages in her pocket, who feels for it in vain, and knows it is gone for ever, tastes the bitterness in its fullest intensity. What is the loss of a hundred or a thousand pounds to a rich man who knows himself to be so much poorer only because he is told of the fact to the agonizing blank on first missing the week's wages, the want, the deprivation, the despair, the dismemberment as it were, that follows upon the loss of those six half-crowns! It is an enduring shadow, an affliction that lasts; too deeply felt, too sore a trouble ever to give pleasure even as pointing a tale and awakening universal sympathy.

However disagreeable they may be to the principals, losses are a gain to the community, as imparting that excitement to stagnant conditions of society which is necessary to the general spirits. There is an undoubted interest to the idle reader in the *Times'* daily column of losses, while it is a perfect emporium of hints to romance-writers. Dogs, portmanteaus, diamonds, papers only of value to their owners, sentimental nicknacks, title-deeds, banknotes, middle-aged gentlemen—described with a candour of personal depreciation which arouses wonder that anybody should want to find them—Cashmere shawls, gold watches, follow one another in admired disorder. On the whole, it must be a rich world that scatters diamonds about in such careless profusion as a column in the season shows, and that offers ten or twenty pounds for a lost pet; though probably blighted affections are the truer interpretation of the perennial expenditure on lapdogs. But what touches the moralist in this department of our subject is the huge disproportion between lost and found. Every lost banknote must have a finder, but not one in a thousand seems to have recourse to the *Times* for the rightful owner. Somebody must pick up the glittering earrings, lockets, and brooches, but it is a rare phenomenon

to find notice of a "valuable brilliant ornament found by a poor man." We can only hope that the losses here recorded are the losses of superfluities, whatever their nature; and lost superfluities, not using the word in its severer sense, need never be the regret of a lifetime.

NEW STATUES.

THE people of Birmingham and Bradford have been erecting statues to two distinguished men belonging to very different orders of eminence. Professor Huxley appears to have spoken with his usual force in setting forth the claims of Priestley to the admiration of the present generation. In his life Priestley was immersed in controversies which are by no means extinct in our day, and stirred animosities which may still have left their mark upon his reputation. By one class of readers he will be remembered chiefly as the antagonist of Bishop Horsley, by another as the man who sympathized with the French Revolution after the zeal of most of its English admirers had grown cold; whilst a third class chiefly value his scientific reputation, and think it a pity that he ever applied his great abilities to tasks for which he was less palpably suited. Professor Huxley, as in duty bound, protested against this last opinion. He professed his sympathy with a philosopher who could admit that his duties as a citizen and an advocate of freedom of inquiry in all subjects were of more importance even than his duties in promoting science. Professor Huxley has a right to take this view; for, as we all know, he has himself taken part in active life, and by becoming a member of the London School Board illustrated the principle that a man of science should not be above participation in other duties. The question is one of those to which it is impossible to give a categorical answer. Speaking generally, we should be much disposed to hold by the good old rule that every man should take one line and stick to it; and that the best prescription for failing in life is to try to do two or three things at once. Nor would it be difficult to illustrate this rule from the case of Priestley himself. Without discussing the wisdom of his political or theological opinions, it must at least be admitted that his performances show all the characteristic defects of the men who have a weakness for omniscience. Few people have ever exerted themselves at once in so many departments; and the results are generally what might have been expected. His versatility and energy were something truly amazing; and yet it cannot be said that he succeeded in really leaving the impress of his mind upon any study except chemistry. The long list of his writings includes an extraordinary variety of subjects; it includes speculations upon problems which no one can attack successfully without prolonged and concentrated attention, and historical inquiries upon which nobody can speak satisfactorily without the labours of a lifetime. He is, therefore, at once superficial and wanting in originality. He has hastily glanced at a great variety of topics without getting to the bottom of any. He learnt what he knew of metaphysics from Hartley, and certainly did not improve upon the teaching of his master. As a theologian he followed the general tendency of the Liberal Dissenters, of whom Lardner was the ablest representative in the previous generation; but his peculiar compromise between rationalism and orthodoxy would satisfy no one at the present day. He was a Christian and a materialist; and, whilst leading the revolt against authority, interpreted the Scriptures in the spirit of Dr. Cumming, and found distinct prophecies of Nelson and Napoleon in the Apocalypse. He attacked Horsley on one side and Gibbon on the other; and, whatever we may think of the merits of the general argument, we must admit that in both cases he presents the ordinary spectacle of a clever hand-to-mouth writer who crams himself with special information in order to assail men of profound learning and trained scholarship. The *Times* reminds us that Bentham professed to have learnt his formula about the greatest happiness of the greatest number from Priestley's *Treatise On Government*. The sacred phrase, however, does not, we believe, occur in Priestley's writings, and had already been given in one of Hutcheson's minor treatises. Here, too, his opinions are really an incongruous mixture. He believes at once in the *a priori* theories of the rights of man and in Utilitarianism, without detecting the radical divergence of theory which divides Bentham from the school of Rousseau. Priestley therefore, with all his intellectual activity—and few men have ever produced so great a quantity of work under so great disadvantages—can hardly be taken to have established a precedent in favour of a wide dispersion of energy. If his mind had been concentrated entirely upon science, the results obtained might have been less in amount, but they would have been far more durable.

There will, of course, be a variety of opinion as to the loss which we should have suffered by Priestley's abstinence from other fields of labour. People who disapprove of his religious and philosophical opinions may regard the supposed loss as really a gain. But even those who sympathize with his general tendencies must admit that the loss would not have been unqualified. Granting that a man of science should not lock himself up in his laboratory, or be indifferent to the great social and intellectual movements of his time, we may still be of opinion that he had better not snatch a few odd moments from his main occupations to throw off impromptu ecclesiastical histories. Professor Huxley, as we all know, has some very decided opinions upon topics which lie outside

his more special sphere of labour; but we do not think that he would increase his influence even upon those points if he compiled voluminous treatises on the Early Church from information acquired at odd half-hours. A man, it is true, should be a citizen as well as a professor; he may take part in political discussions, for we have all agreed that such discussions require no training of any sort; he must hold opinions upon religious and moral questions, and may at times tell us what they are. Every man is forced to think upon such matters, and moreover it is daily becoming more evident that the most special studies have frequently a bearing upon the widest philosophical questions. Nobody, in short, should be so mere a specialist as to bury himself in his own little corner of knowledge; he should rather be guided in his study of minute details by reference to some general scheme of inquiry. But it is equally true that even a leader of thought should, as a rule, be content with pre-eminence in one particular branch of study. Elsewhere he need not be silent; but he must not speak as one having authority. He must come down from the chair and be content to occupy a subordinate position. This was the simple rule which Priestley neglected, to the great injury of his reputation. Nobody could find fault with him for advocating what he took to be the cause of liberty in theological or political speculation; but he put himself in a false position when he fancied that his reputation as a scientific inquirer entitled him to assume an authoritative position upon subjects which he had only half studied. If Horsley or Gibbon had attacked his scientific discoveries from a mere second-hand knowledge, he would not have been slow to warn them peremptorily off a province which did not belong to them. He did not perceive that he was committing an equal solecism when attacking them upon their own ground.

Professor Huxley was not called upon to draw this moral when unveiling a statue. He was bound to be complimentary, and he was in no want of topics for reasonable praise. Whatever may have been Priestley's errors, it is impossible to refuse to him the admiration due to a man of extraordinary energy, honesty, and independence of spirit. An excess of intellectual activity is a fault against which few people require a warning, and by this time men of all parties may admire Priestley's many most admirable qualities. His adherence to his principles was tainted by no selfishness or servility. He manfully avowed unpopular beliefs at a moment of panic; he had a generous love of liberty in all its manifestations, and his intellectual labours were all directed with a lofty aim, and pursued in spite of most unpropitious circumstances. If the variety of his pursuits made his work less fruitful than it might have been, his life was throughout noble, and his devotion to intellectual pursuits was especially honourable at a time when English speculation had sunk to its very lowest ebb. Nor should we judge too harshly of him for yielding to distractions from without in a period when the revolutionary excitement was sweeping away every man who took an interest in the future of his race. It required a specially cold temperament to be a mere man of science in those days, and Priestley's errors were at any rate produced by the warmth of his sympathies, and not by any sordid motives. We may fully approve of his receiving the posthumous honour of a statue in the town from which he was exiled, though we are also glad that the sculptor has represented him in the character which gives him his most unquestionable title to fame.

It would not be easy to discover any common element in the motives which animate the admirers of Priestley and those of Sir Titus Salt. Priestley is dead, and Sir Titus is happily alive. Priestley was a very poor man and a most voluminous contributor to all kinds of literature; Sir Titus is a rich man and, so far as we know, has not been a candidate for literary glory. The labours which have won for him the love of his fellow-citizens have been concentrated upon a single object, and one of which all parties approve without qualification or restriction. Eighty years ago Priestley's name would have excited the most vehement party feelings. Burke objected to have a statue in his lifetime, because, as he said, and the event proved his sagacity, it might be used at some future period to provide materials wherewith to stone the original. The attentions which Priestley received from the good people of Birmingham in his lifetime would have given employment to the stone-breaker rather than to the sculptor. Sir Titus Salt need have no fear that his monument will be converted into missiles. To enable the artisans whom he employs to lead a civilized life, to provide them with good air, good water, and good drainage, to give them opportunities for moral and intellectual cultivation, is an ambition so unequivocally admirable that we should find it rather difficult to dilate upon it adequately. The great objection to Sir Titus Salt, considered as an object of panegyric, is that he is still alive, and we have no wish that that objection may be speedily removed. Whether, as a general principle, living men should receive statues is a question which it would be ungracious to discuss at the present moment. Certainly the enthusiasm which has prompted the people of Bradford to give this material proof of their feelings is in every way creditable to them. Fortunately, too, it would be impossible as well as invidious to ask whether it is better to provide men's lungs with abundance of oxygen or to discover the existence of that useful commodity. People managed to breathe for a good many centuries before they understood the philosophy of the function, but since they have given learned names to the gases, they have perhaps understood rather better the conditions of breathing satisfactorily. We can only draw the obvious moral that there are many ways in which the world may

be improved, and that it is to be hoped that philosophers and practical men will learn to work separately and yet to co-operate harmoniously.

HOLIDAY-MAKING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE are two views commonly entertained with regard to the practice of holiday-making, which has now become an English institution. There is the critic of men and manners who, following in the wake of Balatro, *suspendens omnia naso*, sneers at the idea of English holidays, and denies that the English people have any capacity for rational enjoyment. There is also the spectator of passing events who maintains that nowhere can be found a more cheerful example of the happiness of collected humanity than in an English holiday. In both these views there is some justice. It is true, no doubt, to some extent, that the English take their pleasure somewhat sadly, or rather somewhat gravely. The same spirit of exactness and duty which leads the typical Briton to success in business follows him in his hours of pleasure, and makes of that also a business. The habit of regarding every event of life from a practical point of view leads him, if he is travelling, to regard churches, mountains, picture-galleries, and museums as so many pegs whereon to hang the record of an accomplished purpose. Museums especially seem to have a mysterious power over him, the reason of which may perhaps be found in the respectability which usually attaches to them. He approaches them with a kind of reverential awe. However weary he may be with walking over hot uneven pavements or dusty roads, however much he may long to repose awhile from his self-imposed fatigues of pleasure-seeking, the sight of a museum at once calls forth in him a reserve of energy. The limbs which the promise of a beautiful view might not stir to further exertion are at once braced to renewed struggle by the prospect of a collection of curiosities. The objects collected may have no kind of interest or attraction for the traveller in themselves, but the fact of their being contained in a museum renders them sacred in his eyes. He will tramp steadily through the rooms which hold them, inspecting each one of them, if neither with great intelligence nor enthusiasm, at least with serious attention. He regards this inspection as a serious duty, and he discharges it to the best of his powers.

As the traveller changes his sky, not his nature, by his voyage, it is natural that at home as abroad he should seem to find almost as strong an element of duty as of pleasure in the keeping of the holidays provided for him. The difference in this respect between the French and English people has often been commented on to the disadvantage of the latter. It is no doubt true that few Englishmen possess the French capacity for light-hearted enjoyment at a moment's notice. Their nature is neither buoyant nor emotional enough to throw off suddenly all burdens of anxiety and mix wholly with the passing hour. They feel themselves responsible in some sort for their time, even when that time is set apart for pleasure. It is true also that the absence of light-heartedness is apt to make itself felt, and to impel him who wants it to obtain it, or something like it, by the artificial means of drink. But it is not fair to deduce from this the proposition that an Englishman's notion of enjoyment is drinking, or at best drinking combined with eating, while that of Continental nations is the intellectual pleasure to be derived from works of art. One may, no doubt, find the Louvre dotted with blouses many times for once that a working-man's jacket is seen in the National Gallery; and it is a noteworthy fact that a large proportion of the holiday visitors to the National Gallery on last Monday consisted of foreigners. It is easy enough to quote these facts as a proof that the English working classes are inferior to those of other nations in their love and appreciation for works of art. Many people have admired the sight which may be seen in most German towns on a summer evening, of crowds of people of the working classes listening in a bright and pleasant garden to good music, for the privilege of hearing which they have paid a few groschen. It is reasonable enough to wish that the same kind of thing could take the place of music-halls and their like in London. It would be considered unreasonable to attack the working people of England for not frequenting a class of entertainments which in England unhappily does not exist. Yet this is very much what is done by those who, from the absence of mechanics as spectators in English picture-galleries, argue that artistic feeling is foreign to the English mechanical mind. The fact is that there is a wide difference between the facilities for acquaintance with works of art afforded in London, and in Paris and other Continental towns to men who labour every day. There they have a day in the course of every week which they may spend in the enjoyment of art either with ear or with eye; here the only enjoyment which is readily within their reach appeals to a lower sense. It is only on such rare occasions as that of last Monday that our working men have the chance of learning that any pleasure is to be derived from looking at pictures with whose history they cannot be expected to be conversant. An ordinary eye requires some education before it can appreciate the beauty of a Titian or a Vandeyck; it needs little or none to discern the meaning of the sign which hangs above a public-house. That such education is readily utilized has been proved in the matter of music by the success of the justly-styled Popular Concerts. Much has been done by them, but more remains to be done. In London the lover of music who frequents these concerts pays a shilling to sit in a

close atmosphere and listen to one particular class of music. In German towns—in Dresden, for instance—he pays about three-pence to sit in the open air and listen to music of various kinds, and always good of its kind. The climate of London no doubt offers some objections to the open-air part of this method, but the low price and the music, which never descends to vulgarity, and is never beyond comprehension, are surely not beyond the dreams of hope. It is more than probable that the proprietors of music-halls would find their account in substituting good light music for the flash songs with which their audiences are now content, partly because they can get nothing better.

If in some respects the intelligence of the foreign holiday-maker has been unfairly exalted at our expense, in others it has been as unjustly depreciated. A fruitful source of merriment for English writers has been found in the spectacle which is common enough in the Champs Elysées and at fairs and feast-days all over France and Germany, of a respectable elderly *bourgeois* wheeling gravely in the childish circle of a merry-go-round, concentrating all his energies on the desire to catch a small iron ring on the tip of a toy spear. But in what respect is this employment either more ridiculous or more frivolous than the racing down Greenwich Hill, the games of kiss-in-the-ring or hunt-the-slipper, to which one may see English people of the same class devoting themselves on like occasions? The trivial adjuncts of the toy horse and spear do no doubt make the sight in the one case more incongruous, and therefore more absurd than in the other; but in the nature of the two amusements there is little difference. Both may be commended as perfectly harmless modes of enjoyment. There is one difference between the aspects of London and of a foreign town on a holiday which is striking. In London there are quantities of people to be seen wandering about the streets with an aimless and vacuous air which is seldom observed elsewhere. This may be traced to the fact that the Londoner, being little accustomed to the sense of freedom in his native streets, save when all their amusements are denied to him, is embarrassed with the riches of his idleness, and does not know to what account to turn them. Or it may be that he wishes to use the possibility of laziness to its utmost extent, and conceives that this end will be most readily gained by doing nothing. One can more readily understand this desire taking the form which it often assumes of lying idly on the grass in the Parks than that of walking about the streets. This particular form of holiday-making may be adduced in support of their theory by those who maintain that the English public has no eye for the picturesque. There is little of the picturesque element in the London streets; there is much in the Parks. Battersea Park especially wants but a little more cultivation to make it as pretty a public garden as one can often see. As it is, some parts of it, notably the sub-tropical garden, will bear comparison with the best known Parks elsewhere. It suffers, as do most pretty parts of London, from the hideousness of its surroundings. "A garden," says Lord Verulam, "is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works; and a man shall ever see that, when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." It is to be hoped that our present age is growing to civility and elegance, though it may not yet have attained full growth. It is certain that the grossness of the handiworks in buildings around our Parks is apt to mar their beauty. Apart from that, there seems no reason why, if the same conditions were applied to both, Battersea Park should not present as cheerful an aspect on a holiday as do the gardens of the Tuileries. Among the crowd assembled last Monday at this Park there was probably much happiness, but there was a want of visible gaiety and brightness. It seemed as if the pursuit of pleasure were adopted much as men are said to pursue a calling, with a certain gravity and solemnity. The happiest people, to judge from appearances, whom the present writer encountered were two workmen who were riding round the Park in a Hansom in the comfort of their shirt-sleeves. Their delight in their position was evident and intense. No doubt an unusual form of pleasure is the proper element in the making of a holiday. Experience is, however, necessary to discover what is the best form of such pleasure. That the English public possesses as great capabilities as any other public for turning experience of this kind to good account we have little doubt. It may be hoped that when the opportunities for doing this have existed longer, national holidays will become even a more valuable institution than they now are.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ON THE CANON LAW.

WHEN a man makes a boast of his ignorance, he is safe to win a cheer in almost any assembly, because his hearers feel that, at all events for the moment, he has made himself one of themselves. It is an appeal which is so sure to be successful that there is often a strong temptation for a speaker to affect ignorance even on matters which he really knows all about. Sir William Harcourt is doubtless master of this, as of other tricks of rhetoric, yet one can hardly doubt that his profession last week of utter ignorance of the canon law was made in thorough good faith; and we are confirmed in this belief by his amusing eagerness on Wednesday last to display such knowledge of the subject as he had hastily picked up since the previous Friday. If Sir William Harcourt was not, as he professed, thoroughly ignorant of

the canon law and of everything to do with it, including among other things its historical and practical relations to the common law of England, his success as an actor is so consummate that we can forgive his deficiencies as an historical lawyer.

Again, if a speaker sometimes feels the temptation to win a cheer by even disingenuously professing ignorance, there are other ways of winning applause which are nearly as certain to be successful. Any assembly is sure to be stirred by an appeal to its own independence, by telling it or hinting to it that there is something going about which threatens its power of doing as it pleases. To an assembly which has been carefully brought into this frame of mind a mere counsel not to take a certain course may be made to sound like a denial of its power to take that course. And above all things, if the national dread of the Pope can be drawn in, if an assembly of Englishmen can be made to believe that their independence is not only threatened, but threatened by the old man on the Seven Hills, then woe to the facts of history, woe even to the letter of Acts of Parliament, if they stand in the way of the noble rage that is thus kindled. Again, in such cases a point may often be gained by cleverly confounding the question what the law is with the question what it ought to be. And a great deal may successfully be done by the use of mere big words and of general expressions of horror and moral indignation which do not commit the speaker to any definite statement of law or fact. Now we can conceive that Sir William Harcourt, if hard pressed for an argument, might be tempted into some of these oratorical devices also. But we do not suspect him of any of them in his great declaration of last week against the canon law. It was all clearly genuine, ignorance included. The law has provided for cases like his. In one sense "*ignorantia legis non excusat*." But there is another sense in which it may excuse, and of that sense Sir William Harcourt may have the benefit. He has shown his ignorance of the history of the sixteenth century to be so profound that we at least acquit him of all rhetorical tricks in setting it forth. He has reached that state of "*crassa ignorantia*" which the law holds to be criminal, but which still relieves from the penalties of the highest degree of guilt. In short, Sir William Harcourt's speech, by the very amount of boisterous ignorance which it displayed, makes us feel sure that he really meant what he said, that he really knew no more of the subject about which he was talking than he said that he did.

It matters very little to the speech of Sir William Harcourt whether Mr. Gladstone's amendment was in itself good or bad, or whether it was wise to talk about canon law or to quote Van Espen in an assembly in which it is plain that there are so many who think it fine never to have heard of them. But it is certain that the object of Mr. Gladstone's quotation was quite unlike the object into which it has been tortured both in Sir William Harcourt's speech and elsewhere. Mr. Gladstone did not quote Van Espen and the canon law as limiting the power of Parliament to legislate as it pleased. He simply quoted them as arguments why Parliament should legislate in one way rather than in another. His argument was that a certain clause of the Bill would go to disturb the relations which at present exist, and always have existed, between metropolitan and episcopal authority. He referred to the canon law, and to Van Espen as one of its great expounders, as evidence to show what those relations are. There is nothing derogatory to the power of Parliament, nothing implying that Parliament might not make the relations of Archbishops and Bishops altogether different from what they are, in the argument that it is better not to pass a clause which touches them indirectly. It comes to this, that, if Parliament wishes to alter those relations, it had better do it directly, with its eyes open and after full debate, and not do it by a side wind in the dark, a kind of legislation which is certain to lead to anomalies and inconsistencies. This kind of argument would be admitted as sound if, instead of two powers in the Church, the debate had been about two powers in the law or in the army. It would not be thought in any way derogatory to the power of Parliament to argue that a proposed clause would be inconsistent with the relations between two courts of law as they stand at present, and to quote Coke or Blackstone to show what those relations are. No one would, in such a case, think that the speaker implied that Parliament could not alter those relations if it chose, or that he set up Coke and Blackstone as names by whose authority the power of Parliament was bounded. But in such a case as that the Roman spectre could not have been conjured up. The recent debate was waged on that dangerous ecclesiastical ground where everybody has some private idol of his own which is very superior in his eyes to either law or fact. But any one who knows what the law of England is at this moment, and can venture to face the fact that it is really what it is, need not be very much frightened at Van Espen and the canon law. Sir William Harcourt invites the English people to rally on the broad platform of the Reformation. We ask them to rally on the platform, perhaps not so broad, but certainly safer, of the law of England as decreed in the days of the first Supreme Head of the Church of England, King Henry the Eighth. We do not wish to go beyond the four corners of the Act of Submission. Sir William Harcourt may be right in his dislike to the canon law; he may be right in thinking that it ought to be wholly abolished in England, or that it ought to have been wholly abolished long ago. But he cannot get over the plain matter of fact that it has not been wholly abolished. As a legislator, Sir William Harcourt has a perfect right to propose its abolition; as a lawyer, he is bound to know that, within a certain range and under certain restrictions, it is still the law of England. As for Van Espen, his

authority, within that range and under those restrictions, is entitled to the same kind of respect to which the authority of Coke and Blackstone is entitled within their much wider range. This is simply the state of things as it is; whether it is the state of things as it ought to be is another matter. But, like any other state of the law, it may at any moment be changed by Act of Parliament; it cannot be changed by mere declamation. The fact that it is so remains just the same whether Sir William Harcourt knows it or not.

It seems to have been Sir William Harcourt's ill luck not to have read to the end of the statute of which he is so fond. It is very well to talk big about "the statute on which the Reformation and the Constitution of the country was founded"—rather a modern date, one might have thought, for the foundation of the Constitution—but it is better to know what the statute really says. The statute which Sir William Harcourt quotes, 25 Hen. VIII., c. 19, appears in rather a grotesque form in his speech, but that is more likely to be the very pardonable fault of the reporter or printer than of Sir William Harcourt. Still, from Sir William Harcourt's quotation, anybody would think that by that Act the clergy in their Convocation are forbidden to make any canons at all under any circumstances. He leaves out the words which follow:—"Unless the same clergy may have the King's most royal assent and license to make, promulge, and execute such canons, constitutions and ordinances, provincial or synodal." This was law under Henry the Eighth, as it was law under William the Conqueror, and as it is law now. But the words in themselves would not imply that King Henry had that supreme contempt for the canon law which Sir William Harcourt has. They might have been construed as looking on the existing canon law as something so good that the clergy might be too rash in altering it. Of course it does not mean either this or what Sir William Harcourt takes it to mean. It is no doubt very grand to say:—

They were told that the Resolution could not be accepted because it was contrary to the opinion of the Canonists of Christendom. But the Canonists of Christendom were not the authorities by which for the last 300 years the House of Commons had been governed in its legislation. The principles of the Reformation and the Constitution of this country had been founded upon a repudiation of the doctrines of the Canonists, which had been solemnly read at the table of the House that evening. The headquarters of the Canon Law were not at Westminster. The Canon Law of Christendom was fulminated from the Vatican. It was the law of Ultramontanism, and was adverse to the principle of the National Church in every country of Europe. It was the law which in order to found the Reformation it was necessary to repudiate.

And presently after, "he would venture to say that from 1533 the constitution of the Church and State of this country had depended upon the repudiation of the canon law." After reading this it is somewhat strange to turn to the Act and to find that, instead of repudiating the canon law, it acknowledges and confirms it, and that lawyers at least as learned in their calling as Sir William Harcourt refer to this very statute as that on which "now depends the authority of the canon law in England." What the Act of 1533 really did was to treat the canon law, not as this wicked thing which Sir William Harcourt thinks it, but as the existing law which needed revision. Commissioners were appointed to search and examine into it, and to determine what parts of it were "worthy to be continued, kept, and obeyed," and what parts were "worthy to be abolite, abrogate, and made frustrate." The last clause of the Act provides that, till this revision had been carried out,

Such canons, constitutions, ordinances and synodals provincial, being already made which be not contrariant nor repugnant to the laws, statutes and customs of this realm nor to the damage or hurt of the king's prerogative royal, shall moe still be used and executed as they were before the making of this Act.

It is on this clause that Blackstone says that the authority of the canon law in England depends. Blackstone had an English lawyer's natural and praiseworthy jealousy of the canon law, but he did not think it any matter of boast to be ignorant of what it was his business to know, and he did not scruple to look the facts of the case in the face. He takes care to tell us that neither canon nor civil law has of itself any force in this realm, but that both are of force only so far as the law or custom of the realm has accepted them. But he does not scruple to know what they are and how far the realm has accepted them. How far, that is, the Statute of 1533 is, in the case of the canon law, our guide. As the proposed revision did not take place under Henry, as the "*Reformatio legum ecclesiasticarum*" of Edward's time never became law, the old canon law still remains in force with the restrictions marked out in the Act of 1533. As such it has constantly been put in force in English courts to this day. Sir William Harcourt may know nothing about it; he may "be utterly unacquainted with the name" of Van Espen; nay, he may say that "he should be utterly ashamed of the profession of the Common Law if he did not make that declaration." But if, instead of declaiming in the House of Commons, it should ever be his duty to hear ecclesiastical appeals in the Judicial Committee, he may perhaps find it to his advantage to learn a little of the law of the sixteenth century, and even a little of some law earlier still.

It was no doubt a magnificent figure of speech to say that "to hear a canonist quoted as authority against the legislation of Parliament was enough to make the bones of Lord Coke turn in his grave." It would be almost worth while for some daring member to make the experiment to see whether it would really be followed by so remarkable a result. The scene would be even more striking

than anything which we can fancy would have happened if Speaker Abbot had really "named the member." But Lord Coke's bones may lie still for the present. Mr. Gladstone said nothing which can make so much as a little finger feel the least tingling to change its place. And, to come down to humbler topics, it no doubt sounded very fine when Sir William Harcourt said that "the head-quarters of the canon law were not at Westminster." As far as we are concerned with the canon law, as far as Mr. Gladstone quoted the canon law, it has its head-quarters at Westminster. For, as Blackstone teaches us, it depends for its authority on a statute "made in the Session of Parliament holden by prorogation at Westminster on the fifteenth day of January in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of K. Henry VIII." As for being "fulminated from the Vatican," when a man is so far up on the high horse as to talk about "fulminating," he is not likely to stop and think about Roman topography, or to remember, if he ever heard, that the great mass of the *Corpus Juris Canonici* grew up, whether it was "fulminated" or not, while the Bishops of Rome still lived in their true home at the Lateran. But we have nothing to do with either Vatican or Lateran. The canon law, as far as we are concerned with it, was fulminated, if that be the right word for passing an Act of Parliament, from the head-quarters of the Commons of England in the Chapter-house at Westminster. As far as we are concerned with it, as far as Mr. Gladstone referred to it, it is not "the law of Ultramontanism," but, by the act of King Henry and his Parliament, the law of England.

One of the lights of the age of which Sir William Harcourt talks so much and knows so little wrote a book called *Encomium Morie*, and a poet of later days has told us that "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." We presume that there is a certain degree of bliss in calling forth so large an amount of cheers and laughter from the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt then is wise in his generation. Yet we would hope that he is at least libelling the profession of the Common Law when he implies that a member of it would necessarily be ashamed of ever having heard of one whose mere name, one would have thought, was familiar to every well-informed person, though doubtless there are but few who can boast of any minute knowledge of his writings.

THE CARCASE AND THE VULTURES.

WE need not say that the *New York Herald* is all itself in treating what it calls "the Brooklyn sorrow." The "developments" are watched and recorded from day to day, and copious use is made of those short titles, in large and varied type, to which on sensational occasions American journalism habitually resorts. "Bedroom and Parlour Scenes," "A Paternal but not a Guilty Love," "Adultery charged against the Plymouth Pastor"—this is the style in which the daily dish is dressed to set before the reader. There never was or could be a domestic scandal of such relish as this, and the *Herald* and its contemporaries are equal to the magnificent opportunity. At a late hour in the evening of the 22nd of July a reporter of the *Herald* found General B. F. Tracy, the legal adviser of Mr. Beecher, at his residence, and learned from him that the Investigating Committee had not anticipated the publication of Mr. Tilton's "detailed statement." The Committee had been informed by Mr. Tilton two days before that he had been offered a high price for his manuscript, which we can easily believe. The "enterprise" of American journalism was never perhaps so stimulated before. The reporter did not get much out of General Tracy, but he was so fortunate as to "interview" one of the Investigating Committee, and to obtain from him what he calls "the nearest official reply so far ready to the statements of Mr. Tilton." The reporter thinks this reply "noteworthy," and so do we. This Committee have undertaken an investigation of the gravest importance to the welfare of individuals and the peace of a community. It was the duty of the members of the Committee to endeavour to avoid forming opinions, or at least to avoid expressing them prematurely. Yet, in defiance of decency, one of these members states his view of the case so far as it had gone to a reporter, who takes down all the member had to say, and sends this valuable revelation to his employers. It is true that much of this statement is in the form "It is claimed by Mr. Beecher's friends," &c.; but this is, at the lowest, a statement by the mouth of one of the judges of the case against one party in the language of the other. It is one of those radically vicious proceedings which lead one to despair of the future of a society which can tolerate them. Later in the same evening Mr. Tilton was met by a reporter of the *Herald*, and declined to be "interviewed," but proceeded to hold a conversation. The reporter showed him the statement which he had addressed to the Committee in print in that day's evening papers, and he expressed surprise and grief at the publication. He informed the reporter that he had given up to his wife his house and all that it contained, with a small exception. "He takes with him his writing-desk and a few books of reference." The *Herald* of July 22 also contains an epitome of the defence which, as it understood, Mr. Beecher made to the attack of Mr. Tilton. "It is well known," says the *Herald*, "that Mr. Beecher appeared before the Committee and made a statement." This statement had not yet been given to the press, but its tone had been freely discussed by those who were familiar with its contents. Then the *Herald* proceeds, "Mr. Beecher said in substance," &c. Considering that the next day Mr. Beecher's actual statement was in the columns of the *Herald*,

we think it might have abstained from publishing any anticipations of it. In a matter of this importance, the parties and witnesses ought either to make written statements, or, if they make them *vivâ voce*, their actual words ought to be taken down in shorthand. These written statements or notes can be published when the proper time arrives, and in the meantime it is highly inconvenient to print statements of what Mr. Beecher is understood to say. General Tracy, the legal adviser of Mr. Beecher, had told the reporter that the investigation would fully exonerate Mr. Beecher, and it would have been well to rest content with this assurance until the investigation had been made. But in the very same number of the *Herald* appears an article of nearly a column in length headed "The Letter of Contrition," and apparently anticipating all that Mr. Beecher would say or that the *Herald* thought he could say or ought to say in answer to Mr. Tilton. "This," says the *Herald* near the conclusion of its article, "is the substance of the statement made by Mr. Beecher when he appeared before the Committee, and which has been elaborated to some length." We do not feel quite sure what this means, but we suppose that the elaboration is to be ascribed to the fine writers of the *Herald*: and, if so, there cannot be a more mischievous and absurd practice than this of mixing up report and comment.

Like obscene birds gathering to a banquet of carrion, all the newspapers of America are eager to collect and publish particulars of this scandal, and the Investigating Committee seems to take a middle course between public and private sittings, which we think the worst course they could take. The *Brooklyn Eagle*, which might more properly call itself a vulture, announces that there was a very interesting meeting of the Committee the day before, and it is able to produce some incidents of the examination which have come to light through means that neither the Committee, the counsel, nor the witness could have any knowledge of. We have already heard that Mr. Tilton was offered a large sum of money for his statement, and we may conjecture that the *Eagle* paid handsomely for this meal of garbage. It gives an exclusive report of a cross-examination of Mr. Tilton by General Tracy. "Mr. Tilton was quietly asked as to his relations with a certain woman, not Mrs. Victoria Woodhull." He was then "quietly asked" as to his relations with three other women, and responded not at all quietly. He "ragged with indignation," and declared that, if that sort of warfare was to be kept up, he himself would do some talking. General Tracy then put a sweeping question thus:—"You have charged your wife with committing adultery; did you ever commit adultery?" Mr. Tilton, "running his hand through his locks and straightening them out," declined to be questioned in that way. He intimated that, if he were thus questioned, he would expose other parties who had been guilty of improper conduct at various times and places. The Committee, at this rate, may sit to investigate all the scandals of New York or of America, and doubtless the *Eagle* and other noble birds would carry the reports of their proceedings on the winds of heaven. Another journal has a report of a previous meeting, if it can be called a meeting, of the Committee, at which Mrs. Tilton gave evidence, if it can be called evidence. It appears that she dropped in upon General Tracy (who, let us remember, is Mr. Beecher's lawyer), and shortly after the Committee dropped in on her by one upon the General, and put two or three questions to Mrs. Tilton. A greater farce was never performed. Surely if the proceedings are seriously meant to be private, the Committee can prevent any bird of the air carrying the matter; and if they are to be public, they should be fully and regularly reported. Did any one ever read more disgusting stuff than this:—

Mr. Tilton (striking a Tiltonian attitude, and stretching out his finger after the manner of Nathan to David), "Mr. Tracy, did you ever commit adultery?"

Mr. Tracy answered that when he should have charged his own wife with committing adultery, it would be time for Mr. Tilton to ask him that question. But we respectfully submit that it would not. This is not a proceeding for divorce, in which recrimination is legitimate, and Mr. Tilton's adulteries are *res inter alios*, or, rather, *inter alios acta*, and, except as affecting character, are irrelevant to the issue whether his wife committed adultery with Mr. Beecher. But the Committee will doubtless investigate the matter all to pieces before they have done with it, and will not be restrained by any legal pedantry about rules of evidence. The report proceeds to state that Mr. Tracy asked Mr. Tilton whether he did not know that his intimacy with "public women" had made Mrs. Tilton very unhappy.

Mr. Tilton (with another attitude):—"What do you mean, sir, to talk to me about public women?"

Here a member of the Committee (*vir pietatis gravis*, we do not doubt) blandly interposed and said:—

Mr. Tilton, Mr. Tracy does not mean public women in an odious sense; he means reformers.

Mr. Tilton answered that "Elizabeth" was very much annoyed that he should associate with such persons. "She said they were not sound in theology," and she might have added, in morals also. She hated Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Woodhull. "They were on the wrong side always." We of course suggest nothing as to Mr. Tilton's conduct, which is a matter with which we, at least, have no concern. But it is possible that what some persons call adultery other persons might call a development of the principle of free love. Mr. Tilton proceeded to thank God he was not a minister, and requested "Mr. Stenographer" to put that down. We wonder

whether that officer puts down the "Tiltonian attitudes," running of hands through the hair, &c. The report proceeds to state that "it also came to light that Tilton did his best to induce Beecher to preside over the Woodhull woman's meeting," urging as a reason that "Beecher had better look out or Woodhull would injure him." In our view there can hardly be a greater impropriety than thus to glance at a matter of this gravity. Surely the evidence on such a point, if given at all, should be given in full, and not merely epitomized by the reporter. But an American editor knows well the value of a spicy bit of personality. Tilton went and introduced Woodhull to the meeting, but he seems to suggest that he was answerable only for his written address, and not for some "extreme things" said by him, which were "ebullitions of the moment."

The *Herald* of July 24 states that its representative traversed Brooklyn the day before "in order to ascertain the views of the leading citizens and the populace generally regarding the latest developments of the painful controversy." It gives notes of the views thus expressed, and excerpts of the opinions of journals throughout the States, many of which call Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton by whatever names might be suggested by an extreme view of the case on either side. It is difficult to decide whether the original scandal or the discussion of it in the newspapers is the more loathsome.

ULTRAMONTANES AND OLD CATHOLICS IN GERMANY.

BISHOP REINKENS, who is just now making a tour of confirmation in Bavaria, has just been visiting Munich. He is reported while there to have told his adherents that, after his recent interview with the Emperor of Germany and the Crown Prince, he was authorized to assure them that the Government had as little idea as the Old Catholics themselves of establishing an Old Catholic State Church. That a different impression should have prevailed is certainly not unnatural, for it is difficult to see how the Catholic State Church, as now organized, can long continue to exist, if the Government persists in its present ecclesiastical policy. The latest news of the conflict includes the arrest of Bishop Martin of Paderborn on Tuesday last for a term of eighteen months' imprisonment; while the Archbishop of Cologne, whose original term of imprisonment expired on August 1, is still detained, and it is stated that proceedings will at once be taken for his deposition in accordance with the Falk laws. Meanwhile the Ultramontane *Germania* publishes two Circulars of the Prussian Government directed against Catholic associations, of which there are said to be more than 400 in Germany, and Catholic newspapers. The officials are ordered to maintain a strict surveillance over the Catholic Unions, some of which have indeed already been closed, and the laws against the press are to be rigidly enforced, the recent attempt on Prince Bismarck's life—out of which the Government is evidently resolved to make all the capital it can—being in each case alleged as the reason for these drastic measures. On the other hand, a "Berlin Union of the Centrums party," with various local branches, is to be organized for the protection of Catholic interests throughout Germany. And an episcopal manifesto has been transmitted to the Government by Fürst, Prince Bishop of Breslau, announcing that the Bishops cannot accept laws regulating the discipline of the Church at the hands of the State, as they recognize no superior authority in such matters but the Pope, who, however, would always feel bound to act under reservation of the ecclesiastical principles of the different Governments. This document has been simply acknowledged, without any reply being sent. And thus each side seems to be formally committed to a declaration of open war.

But we shall perhaps gain the clearest idea of the practical complications which threaten at no distant period to produce an absolute dead-lock, if we turn our eyes to the archdiocese of Gnesen and Posen. Archbishop Ledochowski himself has been for some time past in prison, and, according to the provisions of the supplementary ecclesiastical laws, the government of the diocese devolves in such cases on an administrator, to be approved, or, if necessary, named by the civil power, whom however the clergy refuse either to nominate or to obey, insisting on the duty of maintaining their allegiance to the officials left in charge by the Archbishop himself. The situation in Posen, which is typical of the actual or imminent condition of affairs in many other German dioceses, is accordingly this:—The present "contest against the recalcitrant Roman clergy," as the Government organs call it, began on July 23 with the prosecution of Canon Korytkowski for carrying on the administration of the archdiocese against the provisions of the new laws. Matter for the indictment was procured by a domiciliary search among the papers of the auxiliary bishop, Janiszewski, and it ended in a sentence of nine months' imprisonment pronounced against the accused, which seems to have been changed by the Minister of Worship into banishment from Gnesen within twenty-four hours, with a prohibition to reside anywhere in Prussia, Posen, Silesia, or Frankfurt. Korytkowski was accordingly forcibly removed by the police, being accompanied to the railway station by a sympathetic crowd, who four times stopped the carriage and cheered him loudly, and he has taken up his abode at Münster. Next day followed the seizure of Bishop Janiszewski, who had refused to pay the fine of 3,000 thalers incurred by disobedience to the May laws. He was carried off to Kozmin, where he is to be imprisoned for a year. He was only allowed half-an-hour to prepare for departure and take leave of the Chapter, and

was then hurried through the streets in a close carriage at a rapid pace to prevent any popular demonstration. Meanwhile the Chapter of Gnesen, who are thus deprived of their local as well as their episcopal superior, are involved in a fresh quarrel with the Government for refusing to obey the order of the Minister of Worship directing a thanksgiving in the churches of the diocese for the safe delivery of the Princess Albrecht; the right of issuing such directions appertaining, as they insist, to the Bishop alone. And this is of course but a slight foretaste of the endless and almost daily disputes about graver points which must inevitably arise from a divided jurisdiction, when both parties are equally determined not to yield an inch of their conflicting claims. What result the Prussian Government anticipate from this internecine struggle it is not easy to understand, if they disclaim, as it appears they do, all idea either of disestablishment or of setting up an Old Catholic establishment. Meanwhile we hardly know whether Mr. Disraeli will feel complimented or the reverse at finding himself gently patted on the back by the Liberal German newspapers, as a humble but promising disciple of the great Prince Chancellor, on account of his "healthy" policy for putting down "the Catholic swindle" in the Church of England by a new and more stringent discipline, which is apparently regarded as a creditable adaptation of the Falk laws. It is not only in England, they remind us, but throughout Europe that politics assume every year a more definitely ecclesiastical character; while the old-fashioned Liberal formula of "separation of Church and State" has ceased to have any intelligible meaning, because nobody knows where Church ends and State begins. Mr. Disraeli, it is added, has had the discretion to appreciate this state of things, and has been led by Mr. Gladstone's ill-judged opposition to the Public Worship Bill to render a great service to the public and gain a well-merited triumph over his old opponent. Unfortunately, indeed, he is not omnipotent in the Conservative party, which he is constantly subjecting to a severe system of education; but in this instance he has displayed his true statesmanship, while Mr. Gladstone's very unBismarckian line of action proves that he is never again likely to play an important part in the political life of England. "His day is over; the Liberal opinion of the country has left him behind; he has set himself against it in ecclesiastical questions. His conduct is really shameful!" There is a good deal more to the same effect, and it is certainly curious that the *Hour*, which is the one uncompromising panegyrist of Prince Bismarck in the English press, and might almost be called his organ, has also been throughout the thick and thin supporter of the Bill for the suppression of "the English Ultramontanes," to which his German allies are extending their benevolent and somewhat condescending patronage. The Premier will hardly, however, have made good his claim to take rank with his great exemplar till he has sent a score or so of irreclaimable Ritualists to Newgate.

On the whole, the condition of ecclesiastical affairs in Germany cannot be said to look particularly favourable for peaceful overtures. This however is the time selected by the illustrious author of the Old Catholic movement for addressing a friendly appeal to those "members of different religious communities who are animated by a common desire to promote the cause of ecclesiastical concord and union." A Circular with this object has just been issued by Dr. Dollinger, on behalf of "the Committee for the Promotion of Christian Union," appointed, we believe, two years ago at the Second Old Catholic Congress, held at Cologne, which has found its way into the newspapers. It announces that on the 14th of September and the following days a Conference will be held at Bonn, composed of members of different communions, for the purpose indicated above. The meeting will, we presume, be quite distinct from the annual Congress of Old Catholics, which is fixed for a different locality and an earlier date, and Dr. Dollinger, who has of late abstained from taking any personal part in these gatherings, apparently intends to be himself present. The Circular goes on to state that the discussions will be conducted on the basis of what was taught and believed in the Ancient Church, and that a common ground and authoritative court of appeal will be found in the doctrines and institutions of Christianity, both Eastern and Western, and the formularies of faith existing before the great disruption of East and West which broke up the unity of Christendom. Nor will the end aimed at be "the absorptive union and radical fusion of existing Churches," but a fraternal intercommunion on the principle of *unitas in necessariis*, without prejudice to the liberty of particular religious bodies or National Churches in such peculiarities of doctrine and constitution as do not touch the substance of the faith professed and taught by the undivided Church. What religious bodies have been invited or are expected to send members to the Conference, or how far they are intended to be clothed with a representative character, does not appear. But there is a passage in Dollinger's Lectures on the *Reunion of the Churches*, reviewed some time ago in our columns, which may perhaps throw some light on the subject. He there expressly says that a negotiation between the Churches through accredited plenipotentiaries would, since the Vatican Council, be absurd, and could lead to no result; but that an independent combination of clergy and laity, first from Germany and then from other countries, "untrammelled by instructions, and simply following their own mind and judgment," would imply the formation of "an international society of the noblest and most beneficial kind," and might eventually lead to most important consequences; "what began as a snowball might well become an irresistible avalanche." In an age when "the battle of the Churches" is

being renewed with a bitterness unexampled in recent experience, and in the country which seems just now to be the very centre of the battle-field, such language will sound to the ears of many sanguine, if not paradoxical. It must be allowed, however, that the author has remarkably little of the visionary or the fanatic about him, and it is at all events refreshing to listen to accents which breathe only peace and moderation amid the angry strife of tongues. If the Old Catholics can do anything to allay the fierceness of a conflict which—to adopt the quaint phraseology of one of our old political services—is rapidly “turning faith into faction and religion into rebellion,” they will have deserved well of their country. But to achieve that end they must beware of committing themselves to the dangerous policy of reprisals. They have suffered much no doubt formerly at the hands of Ultramontanes, but to abet the persecution of their persecutors would neither illustrate their consistency nor benefit their cause.

THE CORSET.

THERE are few opinions or practices so thoroughly exploded as to be incapable of revival. We had supposed that it was generally agreed that tight-lacing is injurious to the health of girls; but it now appears that there are two sides to this as well as to every other question. Indeed we have before us a publication which assumes that a slender waist is beautiful, and that the means usually taken to produce it are healthful; and further that there is some connexion, which we cannot trace, between tight-lacing and an upright and graceful carriage. It is curious that while we are hearing so much as to the claims of women to equality in rights and duties with men, it is at the same time insisted that girls should be educated upon a system different from any that would be tolerated for boys. If the idea of appropriating a large part of the resources of Endowed Schools to girls is to be persevered with, a new difficulty awaits the successors of Lord Lyttelton's Commission, who will be required to make proper provision for what is called “figure training,” and to render generally accessible “the benefits of a refined education in the matter of figure and deportment.” It is generally conceded that the best education for boys is to be had at grammar schools, and if these schools are to be opened to girls, they ought to offer them equal advantages. It becomes therefore necessary to consider what the best education for girls is, and, if a leading object of that education be to produce slender waists, then the Charity Commissioners lately appointed will do well to study the treatise on “Art the Handmaid of Nature” which is now before us.

It is manifest from this and other recent publications that there is a disposition to return in the treatment of girls to a strictness, or we might even say severity, which would be thought unsuitable to boys. The notion seems to pervade many minds that a girl of twelve or fourteen years old ought to be “taken up” like a filly and “broken.” The treatment of young horses has been of late years ameliorated, and is not now intentionally cruel, but no severity that is thought necessary is spared. We might almost say that both the process and the object, with some trainers of girls, appear to be borrowed from the *manège*. A girl who has been properly brought up will have begun to be tightly laced soon after she was born; but if a girl's education has been neglected, she may be “effectually improved” by what are called “safe means.” The author of the book before us contrasts the “corsets” which it describes with the “rude, severe, but potent appliances” for correcting the figure in bygone days. We doubt whether the author would be satisfied if we called the new system more gentle than the old, and perhaps we had better confine ourselves to stating that under the new system a girl is put into the “corset,” and made to sleep or at least to go to bed in it; and readers can then apply to this system any epithet they may think suitable. But although the instruments of what we shall venture to call torture are now different from those used a century ago, the conception of training for girls in which they originated has been always the same, and it differs wholly from that which now prevails for boys. The saying “Il faut souffrir pour être belle” appears to be gravely adopted as a maxim by the professors, as well as by some of the victims of the “corset” system. Three enthusiasts, aged respectively sixteen, eighteen, and twenty, describe themselves as having received “the benefits of an English education” from which unfortunately the “corset” was omitted. “The result has been that, although we have been even up to a comparatively recent date kept in a state of the most absolute subjection, so far as school discipline is concerned, our figures have become so flat, inelegant, and clumsy,” &c. The letter from which these words are quoted is either genuine or a well-considered fiction, and we may take it as the sort of description which three grown-up girls would give of the treatment they had undergone at a school in an English provincial town. The ladies in whose charge they were placed by their absent father were “determined opponents of the corset,” but in other respects they seem to have administered a sufficiently severe discipline. No English boy would describe himself as having been “kept in a state of the most absolute subjection” at school, and indeed the description would be manifestly and ludicrously inappropriate to any school at which the director of a mercantile firm would be likely to place his son. We understand that this book on “figure training” is partly a reprint of articles and letters published in a magazine written principally by women for women, and we take it that their conception of a girls' school is generally

approved by the readers of that periodical. It is a place of “discipline” where “absolute subjection” is enforced, and “corsets” are worn perpetually. Those who have undergone these severities do not profess to have liked them at the time, but they feel thankful for them afterwards, and they are prepared to subject their own daughters to the same or even more rigorous restraint. Whenever female suffrage is conferred, we may expect that there will be a strong party formed for putting us all—men, women, and children—into “corsets.” The three unfortunate young ladies who are ashamed of their “thick clumsy waists” declare themselves ready to submit to a “severe course of tight-lacing,” and to undergo a rigorous corrective system.

This book is published by the publishers of the *English-woman's Domestic Magazine*, from which large parts of it are reprinted. It is a repetition of an old contrivance for advertising which we had supposed to be worn out. It expatiates learnedly and enthusiastically on the advantages of tight-lacing, and proceeds to recommend a “corset” of particular manufacture. It gives an eloquent discourse on the grace and beauty of high-heeled boots, “coupled with the name,” as the toast-masters say, of a particular bootmaker at the West-end. The book is a palpable puff, and if it were that only we should not notice it, because notice of any kind helps a system which ought to be repressed. But we see no reason to doubt that the book represents the views of a considerable number of women as to the education of their own sex. It is difficult to trust female enthusiasm for accurate description, and therefore we will not assume that all “fashionable boarding-schools” practise the atrocities represented in this book. If we accepted the picture fully, we should propose that Mr. Newdegate should take up the matter, and urge the inspection of boarding-schools as well as convents; and we should lament that Parliament has come to an end before a question could be put to the Home Secretary on the subject of tight-lacing. If a mass of “well-authenticated information” exists regarding the “far more severe and rigidly-strict discipline” insisted on in some ladies' boarding-schools, it might deserve more publicity than this book can give to it. A part of this information is supplied by a young lady signing herself “Nora,” who states that she was placed at the age of fifteen at a fashionable school in London, and that there it was the custom for the waists of the pupils to be reduced one inch per month until they were what the lady principal considered small enough.

When I left school at seventeen my waist measured only 13 inches, it having been formerly 23 inches in circumference. Every morning one of the maids used to come to assist us to dress, and a governess superintended to see that our corsets were drawn as tightly as possible. After the first few minutes every morning I felt no pain, and the only ill effects apparently were occasional head-aches and loss of appetite.

A “talented correspondent” seems to admit that the “ill effects” may be more serious. The fact, she says, cannot be blinked that in tightly lacing in the waist the parts within must be either squeezed together or slightly displaced; but the human frame is so elastic that, if room be left for this “displacement,” no inconvenience results—at least none that is visible to the “talented correspondent,” who appears to think that the chest may take what the waist loses. The severities which the devotees of the “corset” inflict upon themselves and others are probably in part fabulous, but one may see from the tone of the writers how easily an austere system of conventual discipline might become established even in London, if there were no check in possible publicity. A mother prepared to “do her duty,” as she might express it, to her daughters, might be incited by the perusal of this volume to the perpetration of what we do not hesitate to call atrocities. Indeed the pictures of tight waists with which the book is furnished are in our eyes horrible, and the details of the cruelty which produced them are disgusting. There is, it seems, a treatise which has not yet come under our notice called *The Corset and the Crinoline*, and it appears that a lady determined to try with her own daughter the system recommended in “that excellent volume,” and accordingly desired her not to unlace her “corset” on going to bed. The daughter had had her principles undermined by reading some “nonsensical tirades” against tight-lacing in the papers, and had taken up the idea that being made to wear a properly laced “corset” was equivalent to death by torture. However the mother insisted, the daughter wore the “corset” one night under protest, but took it off next night on the sly; then the mother fastened the staylace in a knot, and then the daughter cut the staylace. The mother punished her “somewhat severely” for her disobedience, but she declared that she would brave any punishment rather than submit to the discipline of the “corset.” She is now fourteen, has a very strong constitution, and is in perfect health. She does not complain that tight-lacing makes her feel ill, but she objects that the “corset” is uncomfortable, and prevents her from romping as she used to do. The perplexed mother appeals to some other mother or the principal of some school to inform her what method has been adopted in similar cases, as “she cannot allow her daughter to gain the mastery.” She asks for advice how to impair her daughter's constitution, ruin her health, and break her spirit, and no doubt she would get it, because we find another correspondent stating that “Mamma procured a steel belt fitted with lock and key, to be worn at night outside the corset” by her daughters. These things were done at home. At the school already mentioned,

in one case, where the girl was stout and largely built, two strong maids were obliged to use their utmost force to make her waist the size ordered by

the lady principal—namely, seventeen inches—and, though she fainted twice while the stays were being made to meet, she wore them without seeming injury to her health, and before she left school she had a waist measuring only fourteen inches, yet she never suffered a day's illness.

The lady principal who "ordered" the waists of her pupils to be reduced to a certain size might properly have married the so-called "tyrant" who cut off his prisoners' feet to make them fit the beds he had provided for them, and her husband might have advantageously superintended the "figure training" of her pupils, and have assisted nature by "art," which might be called by hasty observers cruelty. One lady principal has been particularly fortunate in her pupils. They not only submit to tight-lacing, but positively delight in it; and indeed she has been obliged to resort to "severe punishment" to check the practice of tightening the "corset" voluntarily at night beyond the regulated stringency.

It might be an interesting question whether "deportment" was studied in ancient times, and by what methods. *Vera incessu patuit dea*; but how was the Goddess taught to walk? Did Helen—

Daughter of the Gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair—

wear in childhood a "back-board" like that which is depicted in these pages? Did the silver-footed Thetis ever stand in the stocks "in the first position in dancing—namely, with the heels together and the toes turned outwards?" In some countries a girl will walk from fountain to cottage with a heavy pitcher of water on her head erect, steady, yet light of tread, without spilling a drop, and without raising a hand to support her burden. Nature, and not art, has taught that girl a "deportment" which no dancing or drill-master or contriver of boards and straps could equal. In our own country, however, although there is much beauty among the lower population, there is not much grace. The beggar maid would in general need some instruction before taking her seat on the throne of King Cophetua. Dryden illustrated the difference between London before and after the Great Fire by the comparison of a rustic and a queen:—

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

The aim of the devotees of the "corset" is to teach and learn these arts, and we can only lament that they should proceed, with an enthusiasm which spares neither themselves nor others, upon an utterly false principle. We learn from these interesting pages that the "back-boards," "stocks," "face-boards," and other instruments of our grandmothers' figure-training are again coming into vogue, and although the author seems to consider some of these contrivances barbarous, we must say that they would be infinitely preferable to the vaunted "corset," because they were at worst only irksome, while that is positively mischievous. The vice of what may be called the "back-board" system was that it kept the pupil still, whereas the same or a better effect might be produced by regulated motion. A machine much favoured at girls' schools formerly was what is called a "reclining board," on which the pupil was required to lie motionless for an hour or more. No doubt this "discipline" would be favoured by the stern bigots of the "corset," because it was disagreeable. But if the board were made six times the usual length and furnished with pegs at the sides so that the pupil might pull herself up and let herself down by them, it would become an amusement instead of being a "discipline" or a punishment. The initiated reader will perceive that we are describing an ordinary and favourite feature of a gymnasium, and we shall be borne out in the remark that all the valuable results of the "back-board" system may be attained easily and pleasantly by the use, under proper supervision, of a gymnasium. The lovers of the "corset" would probably require a religion to be specially designed for them to make their pleasures less, and they clearly object to any education which is not based on severity. But we are happy to find that they recommend dancing, and have not yet proposed any method by which it may be made painful or even irksome to the learner. In the last century all gentlemen learned to dance because they could not perform minuets by the light of nature, and all learned to fence because they were liable to fight duels. These were the two main elements in the "figure training" of our male ancestors, and neither involved pain nor even constraint. Fencing still remains unsurpassed as a means of imparting grace and dignity to the carriage, and it is a healthy and delightful exercise, particularly in the winter months, when cricket and boating are out of season. Fencing indeed deserves more attention than it now receives. The system was elaborated during several generations with the purpose of giving life, elegance, and activity to all the movements of the body, and it required motion, which all youth of both sexes love, and not rest, which they abhor. We commend this distinction to the notice of any parent who may be inclined to favour the mischievous system of the "corset." As regards the professors of that system, they are no doubt impervious alike to argument and ridicule, and we should not be surprised to hear them recommend "the strict application of the corset" to young ladies as a preparation for a pedestrian tour in Switzerland.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

ONE of the most remarkable cases of its kind has been tried this week at Guildford. The claims against Railway Companies for compensation to injured passengers have become so numerous that the business of producing and meeting these claims effectively in court has been fully studied and brought to high perfection both by the lawyers and doctors who are concerned in it. We may venture to say that "shocks to the nervous system" have received through these inquiries a degree of attention which might not otherwise have been bestowed upon them, and it has been proved to the satisfaction of many juries that without bruise or scratch a man may receive serious and almost irreparable injury. We are far from suggesting that those injuries which are not visible are not often real; and we merely remark that it is nearly always possible to deny the existence of that which does not appear, and to contend that the claimant has nothing at all the matter with him; or that, if he has, the malady existed before the accident to which it is ascribed. Both public feeling, and juries which represent it, demand that full compensation should be made for actual injury by negligence; and, on the other hand, it is notorious that many false or exaggerated claims are made, and the only check on profitable ingenuity is the liability to investigation in open court.

In the present case, the plaintiff, according to his own account, was thrown forwards and backwards, a portmanteau fell upon his head, and his hat was smashed. He sustained a shock, but no visible injury. He proceeded on his journey and did not feel unwell until the next day. But this, which occurred on the 10th December last, was the beginning of an illness which has lasted until the present time, and has been particularly severe during the last two months. The plaintiff's statement was supported by his appearance in court, which, if it were not genuine, was a remarkably perfect piece of acting, under the disadvantage that the actor was placed between the judge and jury at a distance of less than three yards from either. There is indeed a third supposition which explains many of these cases—namely, that emotional disturbance passes into voluntary action, or, in other words, that the patient is, either at the same moment or within short intervals, both really ill and shamming. It is not our province to express or imply any opinion on a question which the result of the trial left in doubt. We are only concerned to show that this curious and difficult question did arise. Mr. Baron Bramwell intimated that it was desirable, on either of the conflicting views of the plaintiff's case, to shorten his examination as much as possible. It was painful to witness such an exhibition of weakness supposing it to be real, and still more painful supposing it to be counterfeit.

The plaintiff's medical witnesses represented that he was suffering from meningitis, or inflammation of the membrane of the brain, produced by the blow or shock which he sustained by the collision of the train in which he was travelling with another train. It is certain that he was in the train which suffered this collision, and that shortly afterwards he supposed himself to have been injured by it. The defendants would not allege anything so improbable as that he formed immediately after the accident a deliberate purpose of making profit of it. He was earning an income as a commercial traveller which may be put at the lowest at 300*l.* a year, and it is very unlikely that he would give up such a certainty for the prospect, always dubious, of making money by litigation. He called in a general practitioner from the neighbourhood, who attended him from that time to the present, and who could have no adequate motive for associating himself with a fraud. Thus far we are on tolerably sure ground, but we have come a very little way. The defendants offered evidence to prove that which the plaintiff denied, that he had fits of some kind before the accident. Their case might be fairly stated by saying that they represented the plaintiff as possessing a talent for having fits which he had cultivated and developed in the hope of making out a case against them. They alleged that the fits which he had after the accident were of the same kind as those which he had before the accident, but more frequent and severe. But if this were so, they could hardly expect a jury to take any other view than that the liability to fits had been aggravated by the accident, and it would follow that they must pay damages. Their case necessarily was that the fits before the accident were genuine, and therefore it would be rather a bold assumption that the fits after the accident were simulated. They did not, however, go this length; but they alleged that the plaintiff's case, even if it had a basis of truth, had a superstructure of falsehood. The fits were described as "emotional," which word has been appropriated to men in cases where "hysterical" would be used for women. The appearance which the plaintiff presented in court, so far as it was admitted to be genuine, was ascribed to the anxiety of the trial, and indeed it would be consistent with all that was admitted by both sides that this should be a potent disturbing cause. The plaintiff's counsel urged that the exaggeration by the plaintiff of his illness was in itself a proof that that illness existed; and herein he is confirmed by writers on hysteria, one of whom enumerates among its effects "those peculiar perversions of the mind manifested in the desire to feign various diseases." An older writer says that the hysterical "cannot endure to be told of the smallest hopes of their recovery, and they easily fancy themselves exposed to all the ills that can befall mankind, which they imagine impossible to be avoided, and therefore prestage the most dismal events to themselves." Again, it is said that "hysteria sometimes assumes the form of different paralytic affections; the power of moving the arm or using the voice may be lost." These passages may

perhaps suggest a possible explanation of the case. The ordinary symptoms of meningitis are said to be pains in the head, intolerance of light and sound, restlessness and delirium, a quick and hard pulse, thirst, hot skin, flushed countenance, spasmodic twitchings of the muscles, or convulsions, terminating in somnolency, coma, and entire loss of muscular power. This agrees well enough with the descriptions of the plaintiff's case by his witnesses, and although the witnesses on the other side denied some of the symptoms spoken to, yet they could hardly expect the jury to believe that the plaintiff had been altogether free from all these symptoms, of which his regular medical attendant had kept and produced a record.

As the jury were shut up for two or three hours, and finally discharged without a verdict, it may be conjectured that some of them thought the plaintiff entitled to damages, while others disbelieved his story altogether, or regarded it as exaggerated to an extent which they considered fraudulent. In this point of view some evidence becomes important which the defendants procured in rather a surprising manner. They not only employed a detective to watch the plaintiff's garden from a room taken for the purpose at the back of his house, but the detective employed a girl to go duly provided with a character and engage herself as servant in the plaintiff's family, and make notes of what she saw and heard there. The detective swore that he saw the plaintiff watering his shrubs and flowers with a watering-pot holding two gallons at the very time when he was represented as incapable of the smallest effort. The girl swore that her master usually came out on the landing to call her and her fellow-servant in the morning, and that he instructed her to keep the back-door shut in order that, if visitors came, he might not be discovered doing anything inconsistent with his prostrate and hopeless condition in the garden. If the jury believed these witnesses, they must have imputed to the plaintiff a deliberate purpose of exaggeration, and yet this might be consistent with their holding that there was a genuine basis for his claim. It is somewhat startling to find that the detective system has been brought to such perfection by the Railway Companies, but we are far from saying that these proceedings are in all cases unnecessary. It comes to little to elicit from a detective under cross-examination that he has failed in business as a grocer, because, as has been well said, you cannot expect that the Archbishop of Canterbury would undertake that branch of business. Nevertheless, it is uncomfortable to hear of a "young person" in the kitchen making notes of all the sayings and doings of the parlour.

If money be no object, the truth is likely to be more nearly attained by a second trial. The doctors who expressed their opinions as to the plaintiff's probable condition three months hence will enjoy the advantage of testing these opinions by experience. The plaintiff travelled down by rail to Guildford, remained there several days, and travelled back again. The ingenuity which introduced an observant young person into his household would doubtless be found equal to getting him well watched abroad. The theory that he was knowingly and deliberately acting a part in Court will probably present difficulty to those who have carefully observed the sick and death-bed scenes of even the best actors and actresses on the stage. Nevertheless, an eminent surgeon declared his opinion that the plaintiff was thus acting, and we cannot regard that declaration as unimportant, although we must guard ourselves against being understood either to agree or disagree with it. We have only sought to indicate the leading features of a strange and perplexing case.

RACING IN SUSSEX.

THE rather obscurely worded notice of the Duke of Richmond, published in the *Racing Calendar* the week before Goodwood, led many people to believe that there would be no ready-money betting, and perhaps very little betting of any kind whatever, at the great Sussex race meeting. It was remembered, however, that a bark is not always followed by a bite; and those who went to Goodwood as usual on the Tuesday morning, and began to lay or to take odds according to their custom and their fancy, soon found out that the notice was perfectly harmless. Save that there were no betting-lists exhibited, the customary financial business of a race meeting was transacted without interruption. The authorities wisely refrained from taking any harassing proceedings which, in the present uncertain state of the law, could not be of any permanent good. It is admitted on all hands that the Legislature never intended to stop betting on horse-racing—only to restrict it within certain limits. If the intention of the Legislature has been imperfectly expressed, the error will doubtless be corrected in another Session. We may observe, however, that impliedly to acknowledge the existence of a practice, and yet to decline to define with accuracy the conditions under which that practice may be carried on, is a piece of political cowardice of which unfortunately there is more than one example in our legislation.

The week's racing began with the Trial Stakes, for which Thunder, Ecossais, Lowlander, and Moorlands came to the post. Lowlander carried 7 lbs. extra, as a penalty for exemption from sale; but his friends, relying on his three hollow victories at Ascot, had no doubt of his ability to win under the weight. Evidently he prefers an uphill to a downhill course, for he was easily beaten, not only by Thunder but also by Ecossais. So deci-

sively was he beaten that it was doubted whether this could be his true form, for if it was, it would make out Thunder to be far better than any of his public performances—good as many of them have been—appear to warrant. On public form it would not seem possible for Thunder to give Lowlander a stone beating, and we must wait till they meet on some other course with different gradients before being satisfied with the result of their running at Goodwood. The easy victory of Thunder of course drew increased attention to the claims of Chingachhook for the Stewards' Cup, for it will be remembered that Mr. Wallis's unpleasantly-named horse ran a good second to Thunder for the Epsom Cup, after losing three or four lengths—and, as many thought, the race in consequence—at Tattenham Corner. He seems to be one of those horses doomed to disappointments, for in the Stewards' Cup, after having obtained an excellent start, and made the greater part of the running, he was pushed against the rails by Modena, and as nearly as possible knocked over them. It must be said, however, that Modena came out at that moment so full of running that in no case could Chingachhook have maintained the advantage he had previously secured. There were twenty-five runners for the Stewards' Cup, including many horses whose reputation for speed is well known. Besides the turned loose Modena—and why she should have been turned loose when it is remembered how she carried off the autumn nurseries of 1872—there were those incessant performers, Oxonian and Oxford Mixture; and Thorn, Cantinière, Maid of Perth, Leopard, and Pearl were among the remainder. According to the custom which seems to be in vogue this season in races of this class, there was little delay at the post, there having been only two false starts in place of the twenty or thirty which usually occurred to the disgust of impatient spectators. From the moment the flag fell Modena and Chingachhook had the race to themselves, and weight ultimately told in favour of the old mare, who was only conceding 5 lbs. for the two years' difference in age. Very few of the twenty-three behind the leaders took the trouble to persevere when pursuit was hopeless; but the barren honour of third place fell ultimately to Princess Theresa, about whom there was some talk for the Oaks, but who never showed prominently in that race. As a handicap, the Stewards' Cup cannot be considered a success, any more than the Hunt Cup at Ascot. When one or two horses out of five-and-twenty or thirty have the rest of the field beaten in the first few hundred yards, the judgment of the handicapper must surely be at fault. For the Lavant Stakes, Telescope, carrying a 6 lbs. penalty, was opposed by Novar, Dreadnought, and Châlet, each of whom was penalized 3 lbs., Calvine, and Fille du Ciel. The distance being only half a mile was in favour of a speedy horse like Telescope, who was quickest on his legs at the start, and was never headed. Dreadnought, on the other hand, would have been suited by a longer course, and never fairly got into his stride. On the whole, the first day's sport was by no means up to the average.

On the second day also small fields and uninteresting races were the rule, though there were more runners for the Goodwood Stakes than had been generally anticipated. Fourteen more indifferent thoroughbreds than those which assembled to take part in this once great event could hardly have been collected together, and even handicap horses of the ordinary stamp were but poorly represented. Scamp, who was third in the Ascot Stakes, and Fève, who was beaten in the same race by his stable companion Coventry, received the greatest amount of public support, while many pinned their faith on old Indian Ocean on account of the extreme lightness of his weight. There is nothing more unsafe, however, than to trust old and stale horses, no matter with what leniency the handicapper may have treated them. A light weight will not restore to them that elasticity of limb which they once possessed. Among the other runners we may mention Mr. Fox, the Hunt Cup impostor; Petition, who turned out as good as the generality of handicap favourites from Fyfield; Cambuslang, Redworth, Reflection, and old Lilian, the last-named being, in point of quality, the pick of the fourteen. Indian Ocean, following the tactics he pursued, we forget how many years ago, forced the running at his best pace, and held such a lead for nearly two miles that it seemed as if he would come in by himself. The infirmities of age, however, told on him in that fatal last half-mile, and he rapidly dropped back, one after another of his younger opponents passing him in turn. Thenceforward the race was left to Scamp, Cambuslang, Redworth, and Petition, and the last two being beaten a hundred yards from home, a ding-dong finish between Scamp and Cambuslang ended in favour of the former by a neck, Redworth and Petition finishing close together three lengths off. The Bognor Stakes brought out Lemnos and Glenalmond, but both had to succumb to Mr. Chaplin's filly by Cathedral out of Nutbush, and all hopes of Glenalmond proving formidable in the St. Leger might now, we should think, be discarded. A Welter Handicap which followed appeared to us to be only remarkable from the fact that a five-year-old, Hermitage, carried 7 st. 7 lbs., and a six-year-old, Knightley, 7 st. 7 lbs., which do not suggest the idea of welter weights. Hermitage won in a common canter, and on the following day there was a greater triumph for his sire, Soapstone, which cannot fail to bring him into increased notice. This was in the rich Prince of Wales's Stakes, worth over two thousand pounds, for which Mirriflor, Garterly Bell, Vasco di Gama, and five more came to the post. After a good contest with Garterly Bell the victory was secured by Mirriflor, by Soapstone out of Beauty, Mr. Savile's colt by The Earl out of Rigolboche finishing third. This is the first important race which M. Lefèvre has won for some time, and no one

will grudge him his success. In the Molecomb Stakes, Telescope suffered an unlooked-for defeat by Craig Millar, who has evidently improved since the last Newmarket meeting. The race being run over the T.Y.C., Telescope did not find the extra distance so much to his taste as the half-mile for the Lavant Stakes, and indeed he was settled so completely at the end of half-a-mile that he was pulled up, Craig Millar having a very easy task to gallop in at his leisure in front of Fille du Ciel. Although there had been unfavourable rumours as to the probable absence of many of the Cup horses, owing to their inability to resist the effects of the hard ground, six put in their appearance at the appointed time, the principal absentees being Flageolet, Gang Forward, and Marie Stuart. Mr. Savile ran two, Lilian and Kaiser, M. Lefèvre had to put up with Miss Toto as his representative, the Duke of Hamilton ran Barbillon, and Doncaster and Organist made up the party. On paper the race looked a good thing for Kaiser, for Doncaster is too uncertain a horse to be trusted, and we have never been able to see that Organist had any claims to support in such company. His best performance was at Ascot, where by a mere accident he beat Montargis by a short head, and certainly no one would have thought of making Montargis first favourite for the Goodwood Cup. At Chester also Organist beat Leolinus, but then Chester racecourse, with its endless turns, is no trial ground for a first-class horse. We have always anticipated that when Organist came to meet really good horses at weight for age, his pretensions would be very speedily lowered, and therefore we were not at all surprised to see him come in last instead of first in the first Cup race in which he has taken part. There were reports of Kaiser having met with an accident, and, in consequence, Doncaster rapidly rose in favour, till at length he became first favourite. Lilian, none the worse for her two-mile-and-a-half race the day before, made the running for her stable companion Kaiser, and made it so effectually that on entering the straight for home, at which point she resigned her mission, only Kaiser and Doncaster were left in the race. A capital contest between these two followed, and though Kaiser was the first in trouble, Webb, knowing the uncertain character of Doncaster, was obliged to sit perfectly still without attempting to push his advantage. Side by side they came together to the commencement of the enclosure, and then, when at last Doncaster was let out, Kaiser answered every call made on him so gamely that the issue was still uncertain. Indeed in the last few strides Doncaster did all he could to cut it, and swerved so much that his jockey was only able to force him past the post a bare neck in advance of Kaiser. Mr. Savile's horse never went straighter or more gamely; and, though neither he nor Doncaster can fairly be placed in the very first class, yet they are both of sufficient merit to be accepted as worthy representatives of English thoroughbreds in Cup races. We may add that their six opponents were pulled up before the distance.

Immediately after the Goodwood Cup came the Chichester Stakes, a race of rising importance, for which fourteen ran, including Modena, Pearl, Oxonian, and Oxford Mixture (will a state of existence ever come to that wretched pair in which starters cease from troubling, and the voices of bookmakers are at rest?), Madge Wildfire, Lady Atholstone, Maid of Perth, and Pearl. It was in fact a *réchauffé* of the Stewards' Cup, with Trombone, 4 yrs., 6st. 6lbs., thrown in; and Trombone, splendidly ridden by Fordham, won by a head, giving Modena, who was second, a year and 13 lbs., and Fraulein, who was third, 27 lbs. There was another fine race on the T.Y.C. for a rich sweepstakes, which was also all but secured by M. Lefèvre, who would then have had a rare day of good luck; but his Regalade could not quite beat Lord Falmouth's Yorkshire Bride, to whom, as the filly by King Tom out of Lady Coventry, we were introduced at Newmarket July Meeting. Lord Falmouth followed up this victory by carrying off the Bentinck Memorial with Dreadnought, who over the six furlongs of the T.Y.C. made a better display of his qualifications. The last day's racing calls for comparatively little remark. Five ran for the Duke of Richmond's Plate, and so close was the finish that it was difficult for the spectators to say which of the five had won. For the Nassau Stakes also there was a fine race between La Coureuse and Aventurière, and the latter, who was giving 5 lbs., and must have improved greatly, won by a head. Seventeen ran for the Chesterfield Cup, among them being Lowlander (4 yrs. 10st. 7lbs.), Thorn, Manille, Aldrich (winner of the City and Suburban), Napolitain, Tichborne, Flower of Dorset, and Chingachgook. Usually in this race the heavy weights run into places, if one of them does not absolutely win; but on this occasion the light weights had it all to themselves. Poor Lowlander might in mercy have been spared, seeing what he had done for his supporters at Ascot; but some owners never know how to treat a good horse. The winner turned up in Dalham, the most lightly weighted on the card, and Flower of Dorset, as in the Hunt Cup at Ascot, ran into a place. The general racing of the week, while not approaching in brilliancy to the sport of former years, was satisfactory enough to gratify the rather limited array of spectators assembled to witness it.

The change in the weather was all in favour of Brighton races, and the principal events, to which a most liberal amount of money was added, attracted large fields. On Tuesday there were thirteen runners for the Rous Stakes, and nineteen for the Marine Stakes, and Sir G. Chetwynd had the ill luck to be beaten for both those events by a head only. As specimens of handicapping these two races were remarkably successful, and in the Marine Stakes it was hardly possible to separate the first three, Royalist, Lady Atholstone, and Minette. For the Brighton Stakes there were only four

runners, but then it must be remembered that most of the horses engaged had already taken part in the Goodwood Stakes, and that there was little use in bringing them out again against Scamp and Fève. The result of the race was another triumph for Scamp, who beat Fève much more easily than at Goodwood, and shook off the final challenge of Lady of the Lake without difficulty. For the Champagne Stakes Lemnos had virtually a walk over, for his solitary opponent, the poor jaded Oxonian, could not make him gallop. Unfortunately the Brighton Cup ended also in a walk over, although, according to the conditions of the race, three horses started. Two of these, however—Kaiser and Lilian—belong to one owner; and the third, Kidbrooke, was apparently only started in order that the race should not fall through. Mr. Savile was thus enabled to win with whichever of his pair he pleased; and Lilian cantered in twelve lengths in front of her stable companion, Kidbrooke being dimly perceptible in the far distance. Such a fiasco is but a poor result of the liberality of the Brighton management, and shows also with what difficulty, and on what rare occasions, a decent field of Cup horses can be got together. For the Stewards' Cup there was a better fight between Modena, Novateur, and Pat, and Lord Wilton's mare, carrying 9 st. 11 lbs., was returned the clever winner. It was easy to see from this what a certainty the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood must have been for her. For the minor races of the day there were fair fields, and in three instances extremely close finishes; but they were hardly of a character to require detailed notice. Nor can we say more of the Lewes Meeting, which began yesterday and will be finished to-day, than that the Sussex fortnight is always agreeably wound up, and that excellent sport is always provided on the beautiful course near the ancient capital of the county.

REVIEWS.

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF NEUTRALS.*

THE rights and duties of neutrals form a chapter of international law which seems destined in time to overshadow both in importance and interest all other branches of that study. The subject of neutrality is substantially untouched by Grotius, and before Bynkershoek no serious attempt had been made to examine or to apply the simple axiom from or in which all subsequent ideas about the obligations of neutrals are derived or involved. At the present day, for the greater part of the civilized world, other questions of international usage have been in comparison of minor consequence; and as the commercial relations of communities grow closer and more complex, this part of the so-called law of nations is daily more and more interesting to the statesman, the lawyer, and the man of business. Many or most of the doctrines of general humanity, on expounding and illustrating which earlier international jurists have spent so much misbegotten industry, are now accepted by the world at large as truisms. The practice of nations on a very considerable number of points has adapted itself instinctively to the moral principles which are received as authoritative in matters of individual conduct and conscience; and text-writers are no longer occupied in the semi-theological labour of proving by copious illustrations from the Old Testament that faith should be kept with enemies, or that cruelty in war ought to have its bounds. Meanwhile the increase of commercial and personal intercourse between the various parts of the world renders war and the interruptions which war causes a matter of world-wide concern. The cannon-shot which is fired in the Baltic shakes the factory of the Lancashire manufacturer, the office of the Mediterranean shipowner, and the counting-house of the New York merchant. What neutral nations with their trade and their international correspondences ought to do, and what they dare not do in an hour of such general disturbance, is the first thing under such circumstances to be settled. The new war affects them in a hundred direct and indirect ways; they can scarcely move without indirectly, at all events, influencing the fortunes of one or other belligerent. If only we had some one great legislative power whose business it was to make and to enforce laws for the benefit of the entire human race, we might look for the enactment of some great code to define the rights and duties of neutral nations. There is, however, no such lawgiving and law-enforcing authority; and the nations of the world are left to do the best they can in the absence of such legislation. By this time Mr. Macaulay's schoolboy is probably aware that international law can only be called law by an analogical application of the term; and that it wants the complete sanction which municipal law implies. Like the so-called law of morality, or of honour, it has an imperfect sanction only, derived in part from the vague consciousness that the breach of its ordinances will be attended by unpleasant consequences, such as ill-will or reprisals from abroad, or loss of self-respect at home. And no better illustration of the meaning or origin of international law can be given than that which is furnished by the origin and history of the rights and duties of neutrals. Neutrality is not a duty at all; it is a mere term of relation employed to denote the international position of a sovereign community which takes no part in a pending war. Rights and duties as applied to such a relative expression have only a poetical or analogical mean-

* *The Rights and Duties of Neutrals.* By William Edward Hall, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

ing; and so far as they are thought to involve any moral signification they are, when used in such a context, delusive in the extreme. In reality the duties of neutrals only mean what neutrals must do in order to keep within the definition of neutrality; neutral rights mean that which neutrals expect from belligerents as the price of their abstinence. The difficulty of the subject arises from the fact that the commercial relations of civilized communities are complicated and variable, and that the only guide in the emergency of a war for the mutual behaviour of belligerents and neutrals is the axiom or definition that those who desire to be treated as neutrals must act as such:—"Omni modo cavere ne se bello interponant." We have got no further in reality at the present day than this proposition of Bynkershoek, and all the rest that is supplied by international law consists of certain chapters embodying the various acts and practices which, according to the received opinion of nations, fall within or else without the definition. But the new commercial interests which yearly spring up, and the exceptional importance which they or some of them are always assuming, render the application of the definition difficult, and endless cases arise beyond the wave line which received opinion has marked out. At this point the questions which affect neutrals pass from the region of international law into that of international controversy; but happy indeed is the international writer who clearly distinguishes between the received practice of nations as it is and the practice of nations as he wishes it to be.

Mr. Hall's little volume on the Rights and Duties of Neutrals is a specimen of the way in which such a subject should be treated. It is slight, and might with advantage be expanded, but the plan and the execution are both admirable, and it is satisfactory to see that the newest writer on international subjects draws a firm and fast line between what is already established as international usage, and what may usefully hereafter receive the sanction of nations as new and convenient law. Unless this distinction is observed, an author ceases to be an authority, and becomes in most instances the mere apostle of the real or supposed commercial interests of his own country. It is probable meanwhile that in matters which touch the rights and duties of neutrals, nations will decline before long to be bound by the present customs, or to accept the practice of the past as a sufficient exposition of what is to be included in the definition of neutrality. According to Mr. Hall, international usage as between belligerents and neutrals consists of two branches, the one comprehending the relations to one another of the neutral and belligerent State, the other dealing with the relations of the belligerent State and the individual subjects of the neutral. It is in virtue of this difference that the neutral sovereign is bound to abstain from acts of hostility or partiality; while the free export of contraband by neutral subjects affords an example of the other branch of international law, consisting of acts by individuals for which a neutral sovereign ceases to be responsible. The distinction between the usages affecting national and private acts, as Mr. Hall well observes, is deeply rooted in the habits of nations; and Mr. Hall points to the arguments of the United States representatives at Geneva, and to the language of Count Bismarck in 1870 with regard to the wholesale exportation of military supplies, as instances in which self-interest has led the complaining belligerent on each occasion to forget to discriminate between what a nation does itself and what its subjects do upon their own account. "The whole law upon the subject," says Mr. Hall, "is cloven to the root by the distinction." And, consistently with this view, he arranges his book upon the principle of examining first those usages which affect States, and afterwards those with which individuals are concerned. Without disputing the historical justification for such a method, it may be desirable to remark that this distinction between the acts of individuals and the acts of States cannot be pushed to its logical extreme, or would at once break down. The principle of the sovereignty of nations involves in itself as a corollary (more or less expressly recognized) that the sovereign power is responsible for all the acts of its subjects which it can control. Otherwise there is no reason for accepting the principle. Governments treat and deal with governments as the only recognized entities on the political stage; but each government, so far as the foreign executive is concerned, is assumed in diplomatic life to be autocratic at home. The impotence of internal constitutional authority is not accepted as an excuse for non-fulfilment of international obligations, and though pleas of constitutional debility are urged at times, and at times are tolerated in diplomatic communications, it is by a species of comity only that they are listened to, and in cases of paramount interest they would rightly be disregarded. No nation can increase its own immunity towards foreign governments by so distributing the powers of its executive at home as to leave itself enfeebled for purposes of action, and it may be doubted if the excuse of "*nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*," though useful, as Sir William Harcourt suggests, against the Pope, would be or ought to be of any international value in the presence of a well-founded foreign grievance. It is not so much that sovereign nations are not responsible for the acts of individuals, as that it is by common consent agreed that with certain acts on the part of its subjects a government need not itself interfere, but may leave the belligerent to take his own precautions. It would even, we apprehend, be too broad a proposition to lay down, as Mr. Hall appears disposed to do, that the character of contraband trade does not alter with the scale upon which it is carried on. It would be safer to say that contraband trade has hitherto not been considered a matter for which the neutral government is responsible; but an abnormal contraband trade under abnormal circumstances may be

easily imagined which in practice would not be tolerated by any nation strong enough to put down the nuisance. Such a trade could scarcely be successfully justified by an appeal to usages and text-books framed in view of a different description of commercial adventure and a different condition of international society. Commerce is growing, circumstances are changing, the mercantile interests and enterprises of the world every day assume new forms. That no established law as yet exists which can be invoked to govern the many novel cases that occur we entirely agree with Mr. Hall. But it is surely equally clear that international usage itself is only applicable to the cases which have arisen under it, and that new and exceptional cases are without the old law, although they may fail to be within any new law of their own. We think it is important with respect to such political phenomena to insist on the fact that the definition of neutrality is wider than its received interpretations; and that in exceptional circumstances a neutral who does not behave as such cannot expect to be treated as such on the mere ground that neutrals have hitherto been allowed privileges similar indeed in name, but wholly dissimilar in importance and extent. If this country were once more at war, and Sweden or Belgium were to convert themselves into a huge arsenal, and their trade into a vast system of adventure for supplying the enemy with belligerent supplies, we should scarcely listen to precedents to show contraband of war has always been lawfully sold. The old sort of contraband with which nations have hitherto been accustomed to deal might, we should admit, be legitimate enterprise; but we should decline to concede that any propositions of text-writers, or any customs of nations, can be extended to cover a novel war trade of a kind and scale of which those text-writers when they wrote had no experience, and which the nations whose customs were invoked had never known or dreamed of.

The limits of neutral responsibility cannot in reality be any longer safely deemed commensurate with the practice of the past; and though we think Mr. Hall is right in declining to discuss speculative doctrines which are not yet law, we should go further than he does in recognizing the fact that the propositions of international law which suited the commerce and the affairs of a century ago do not fit the experience of modern international life, and are only to a very questionable extent law as regards its varied complications. The old bottles were not meant to, and will not, hold the new wine. This is nowhere clearer than when we pass to the subject of hostile operations emanating from a neutral port. Mr. Hall is evidently too much of a lawyer and too clear a reasoner to draw any hard line with respect to cases the difficulty of which must generally be one of evidence and degree. An armed vessel, it is true, is contraband of war—so long, that is to say, as it is a mere article of commercial transfer. The fallacy of so many English politicians—a fallacy into which Mr. Hall does not fall—is to suppose that anything may accordingly be done with an armed ship in English territory which is not an overt act of hostility; as if, because a loaded gun may lawfully be sold in the market, it were lawful wilfully to place it within reach of a highwayman who is waiting to have it handed to him at the back door. A sounder view is that enunciated by Mr. Hall, that an international usage prohibiting the construction and outfit of vessels of war in the strict sense of the term is in growth, but that, although it is adopted by the most important maritime Powers, it is not yet old enough or quite wide enough to have become compulsory on those nations which have not yet signified their voluntary adherence to it. This is happily and accurately expressed; and the care and self-restraint with which Mr. Hall treats this subject at a time when it is difficult to write without prejudice or feeling upon it exhibits a temper in advance of most international jurists both here and abroad. Yet here as before we should prefer to add the qualifying proposition that, whatever may have been forbidden in the past, the old international usages legalizing the construction and outfit of vessels of war as articles of trade cannot cover, under altered conditions such as those which now prevail, the despatch of the naval vessels with which we have lately been made familiar. The new law truly is not yet formed. The old law does not on that account apply. There remains the common-sense definition of a neutral which governments must apply in such cases at the peril of ceasing to be treated as neutrals if they do not. In the face of an armed and powerful belligerent, a neutral nation will have to do its best to perform its somewhat obscure obligations; and a strong nation will carve out its own course of action in tolerable safety, while weak ones will steer their way amid danger and risk. But it will be idle for any to take shelter under old-world usages or saws as to the old-fashioned incidents of the carriage of contraband.

Mr. Hall, differing, as he admits, with the most recent writers, concludes that a ship of war may be built and armed to the order of a belligerent, and delivered outside neutral territory ready to receive a fighting crew, or may be delivered to him within such territory to issue as belligerent property, if it is neither commissioned nor manned so as to be able to commit immediate hostilities, and if there is not good reason to believe that it is intended to make a fraudulent use of the neutral territory. Whether the converse of the proposition be correct or not is a matter of controversy, and we will not pause to discuss it here. What we desire to point out is the danger of assuming that in international law all is lawful which is not prohibited. In reality, as international law is only the received and recognized practice of nations, there is a wide debateable ground between what is sanctioned by usage and what is expressly forbidden by it. To that obscure region belong unfortunately all the novel cases that occur, and with regard to

such cases there may be no law to which the belligerent can appeal, and yet be no law under which the neutral can justify himself. It is doubtful and more than doubtful whether any European government which was not strong enough to defy reprisals could securely act on the proposition laid down by Mr. Hall.

Mr. Hall's other chapters, and especially that on Contraband, will be found interesting and valuable. That coal when consigned to a port of naval equipment will be deemed in the future to be contraband of war is certain, and we agree with Mr. Hall that it is impossible to see any reason for sparing coal which would not apply to gunpowder. The idea of contraband varies, as has of late been universally admitted, according to time and circumstance; and to persist in excepting coal at the present day when sent to a base of naval operations, while military despatches would not be excepted under similar conditions, would indeed be an absurdity of the finest water. On the subject of blockade Mr. Hall accurately states the result of English and Continental authority. Since the Declaration of Paris it may be taken that the great Continental Powers have receded from the extreme theories of Continental doctrinaires, and that while paper blockades are unanimously repudiated, it will henceforward be sufficient to constitute an effective blockade that it should be maintained by a force sufficient really to close the enemy's coast to access from the sea. As Mr. Hall points out, the experience of the Civil War in America shows that where steam can be successfully used for the purpose of blockade running, it will be unwise to shackle the belligerent with too severe restrictions. The practice of England and America as to notice of blockade still continues to differ from that of France. Mr. Hall expresses only the unanimous view of all but the most prejudiced Continentalists in stating his opinion that the English usage is better suited than that of France to the present conditions of navigation. Of the English and American doctrines as to notice, the American Courts during the late war, as was natural, repeatedly expressed their approbation; but, apart from all national bias, it appears to be rational in an age of general inter-oceanic communication to extend rather than to limit the definition of constructive notice of blockade. Mr. Hall's leanings on most subjects of controversy, though not unduly marked, appear to be English rather than Continental, but he is fair and free from acrimony; and the publication of his book appears to indicate the accession to this branch of literature of an able and philosophical writer.

PEARSON'S DRAMATISTS.*

WE remember a most estimable Bishop *in partibus* who was in the habit of telling his acquaintances that a large ring he wore upon his middle finger had all the qualities of the diamond except its brilliancy and its market value; and this is very like what certain critics say when they proclaim that Heywood would resemble the greatest of our dramatists if unfortunately he was not lacking in "the poetry, philosophy, lyric sweetness, variety, and consummate art of Shakspeare." Charles Lamb was, we believe, the first to start this theory, which he summed up by urging that at any rate in "generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depth of passion," "in all those qualities which gained for Shakspeare the attribute of *gentle*, he was not inferior to him." Now it is remarkable that this self-same attribute is the very one which Coleridge attributed to Lamb himself when he addressed him as "my gentle-hearted Charles"; and we cannot but suspect that the presence in undue measure of that least dramatic of actuating feelings was what Dryden had in his mind when he ranked Heywood amongst the greatest masters of "tautology," while it was certainly the rock upon which Lamb himself split when he wrote his tame and tiresome *John Woodvill*. The taste of Elia was no doubt exquisite, but it ran in particular grooves, and the direction taken by these grooves had often in the first instance been determined by accidental circumstances. He preferred Smollett to Fielding because he had learned to love Strap before he became acquainted with Partridge; and the fact of Massinger having been for a brief period somewhat over-rated was sufficient to make Lamb take the part of the neglected writers of the same age against the popular favourite. This generous idea once taken up, he was the very man to do battle for it to the death, and every note in his *Specimens* bears witness of the power it had obtained over him; and he expressly says in his preface that a principal object of the compilation was to bring together the "most admired scenes" of Fletcher and Massinger in order to "exhibit them in the same volume with the more impressive scenes of old Marlowe, Heywood, Tourneur, Webster, Ford, and others." This was written in 1803, and nineteen years afterwards the mood, as far as Heywood was concerned, had become intensified, for we find him saying in Hone's *Table Book*, "If I were to be consulted as to a reprint of our Old English Dramatists, I should advise to begin with the collected plays of Heywood"; adding that he "loved" Shakspeare and Heywood equally well, the only difference apparently being that "Shakspeare has most of my *wonder*." In the same year in which Lamb penned his first notice of Heywood, Sir Walter Scott published his edition of Dryden, and, in a note to the line in which the ancient Flecknoe says to Shadwell,

Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,

gave a very different opinion of the merits of the former, describing

* *The Dramatic Works of Thomas Heywood*. Now first collected, with Illustrative Notes and a Memoir of the Author. 6 vols. London: John Pearson. 1874.

him as "a person rather to be admired for the facility than for the excellence of his compositions—whose plays may be examined with advantage by the antiquary, but afford slender amusement to the lovers of poetry." In a delicate and instinctive taste for the subtler beauties of dramatic poetry there is of course no comparison between Scott and Lamb; but in the particular case of Heywood, who declares himself, long before the end of his scribbling career, to have written, either in whole or in part, no fewer than two hundred and twenty dramatic pieces, we would as soon take the opinion of the author of *Waverley* as of the author of *Elia*. When Lamb next noticed Heywood the works of Marlowe and Ford had been collected, but the plays of Webster, Greene, Peele, Middleton, Shirley, Lyly, Marston, Chapman, Dekker, and Tourneur, still remained scattered in the same way as Heywood's were, and leave us a little puzzled as to Lamb's reasons for pronouncing so positively as to his superior claims. The works of all these men, with one exception, have now been brought together, and, as if to support our doubts as to the soundness of Lamb's judgment, the plays of Heywood have been the last to be collected. The one exception above-mentioned is Cyril Tourneur, who has only left two dramas behind him, *The Revenger's Tragedy* and *The Atheist's Tragedy*, but these are sufficient to show that in genuine intensity of feeling he was equal to the best of his contemporaries. The former of these was included in the last issue of Dodsley's *Old Plays*; let us hope that Mr. Hazlitt will now manage to bring in the other.

A few weeks ago, in noticing an Edinburgh publication called the *Dramatists of the Restoration*, we remarked upon the number of similar undertakings which were then in progress, and mentioned in particular that Mr. Pearson, "in rather a haphazard style," had presented the world with Dekker, Chapman, Brome, and Heywood. We have now had an opportunity of carefully examining the six volumes which contain the works of the last-mentioned writer, and, so far as they are concerned, we beg leave distinctly and emphatically to withdraw the imputation conveyed in the word "haphazard." On the contrary, so far as the Illustrative Notes can be taken as a standard, we are bound to bear witness to the deliberate and anxious care which must have attended every step of their preparation. They bear unmistakable marks of extensive reading in the literature of the period, and are written with that air of perfect confidence which nothing but a feeling of mastery over the subject can ever confer. There is no editor's name on the title-page, and, as we read on, the questions uppermost in our mind were "Who can their author be?" and "Why should so capable a man conceal his name from the world?" At first we thought it might be Mr. Halliwell, but when the curious little word *too-too* was allowed to pass without an essay upon it, we abandoned that theory. Mr. Furnivall came next, but, as we were unable to find anything in the slightest degree autobiographical, we were constrained to give up that idea also. While noticing the general excellence of the notes, we had, however, also remarked that they were distributed with a most partial hand. It was evident that nothing analogous in any way to a turnip-drill had been employed when they were sown. But this, said we to ourselves, is not uncommon with the editors of our old writers. Gifford, for instance, lingers over every line of *Volpone* and the *Alchemist*, and makes up his lost time when he comes to *The Case is Altered* and the *Magnetic Lady*. And it is the same with Mr. Pearson's anonymous editor. Eight or ten of Heywood's plays are annotated, as we have said, with commendable skill and care, while the rest are totally neglected. The third volume, for instance, contains five plays in all. Of these the first two have forty-five illustrative notes between them, while the last two have only one solitary note apiece. The four plays in the first volume have one hundred and seventy-five notes in all, and the self-same number of plays in the fifth volume have no more than sixteen; one drama, the *Wise-woman of Hogsden*, being absolutely without a single one. It then struck us as peculiar that the pieces selected for elaborate elucidation were in every case such as had been edited before, and the neglected pieces equally in every case were such as had not had that advantage. This gave rise to more self-questioning, until at last a feeling came over us such as was experienced by the boy in Wordsworth, on

applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;

for the words seemed suddenly to become familiar to our memories, and to "murmur of the august abodes" from which they had their origin. This made us look somewhat closely into any collections of former days in which productions of Heywood had appeared, and the result was, as we have said above, to compel us at once to withdraw any suspicion we had entertained of the *modus operandi* being in the least degree "haphazard." In the annals of literary annexation we have never met with any scheme so deliberately planned and so systematically carried out. In political annexation Napoleon's seizure of Portugal is no more than a faint adumbration of it. The "convoluted lips" which first told the tale must have represented the voices of the deceased Mr. Barron Field and of the living Mr. John Payne Collier, and the "august abodes" from which the murmurings came were the volumes of Dodsley's *Old Plays* and the publications of the defunct Shakspeare Society.

Barron Field was an old friend and schoolfellow of Charles Lamb's, who was brought up to the Bar and went to Australia as a Judge of the Supreme Court at Sydney. Elia mentions him affectionately in the "Old and the New Schoolmaster," and paid him the still higher compliment of addressing to him the delight-

ful essay on "Distant Correspondents." He had always been dabbling in literature, and, having besides seen a great deal of life in all its varying shapes, was glad in his old age to undertake the editing of some of the plays which his friend had admired so much. He commenced with the two parts of *Edward the Fourth*, and had got as far as the *Fair Maid of the Exchange* and *Fortune by Land and Sea* when death overtook him. We cannot say that we admire the way in which he treated the text of these plays, but his notes are full and satisfactory, and supply all the information that is wanted in a pleasant unpretending manner. Mr. Pearson's publication opens with the *Edward the Fourth*, and his editor has in this instance the grace to head his notes with an announcement that the play was reprinted by the Shakspeare Society "with an introduction and notes by Barron Field. These notes we have laid extensively under contribution in the ensuing pages." This is a very mild description of the real process. There are forty-six notes in all to the two parts, and every one of them is taken *verbatim* from Barron Field without the slightest acknowledgment beyond the general one which we have quoted above. When we say *verbatim*, we perhaps go a little too far; for in some places there are trifling alterations or omissions, which strangely enough chance to take away the individuality of the notes, and thus lead to the belief that they have been expressly written for the present publication. Where Field says "I conjecture this to be a contraction," it is altered to "Probably a contraction;" and where he writes "I think this is called," it appears as "This may be called." Field was a Blue-coat boy, and this the editor knew; so one of the most interesting of his notes about some obsolete words of Heywood's being still used among the boys at Christ's Hospital is injuriously omitted. Field also held office at Gibraltar, and this the editor did not know; so he faithfully copies a note in which he betrays his familiarity with Spanish life. Heywood says, "My mare knows *ha* and *ree*," which Mr. Pearson's editor explains by "*Ar* and *ré* are the words one hears from the mule-drivers all day long in Spain." He is more vigilant when he omits "my friend" before the name of Mr. Crabb Robinson, and when he obliterated the words printed in italics in the following sentence, "*but the Rev. Mr. Dyce kindly informs me that the allusion here is to the song so named.*" Another of the pieces edited by Barron Field, the *Maid of the Exchange*, opens the second volume of Mr. Pearson's reprint. In this instance the notes are bodily appropriated without the slightest notice of any kind; but a little one is interpolated—"Mr. Barron Field reads *Lyre* for *Syrr*," the obvious effect of which is to create the belief that the elaborate notes above and below are original compositions. A little further on we find it noted that "Mr. Barron Field omits the colon," which important notification goes to confirm the erroneous impression. The other play of Field's editing is at the end of vol. vi. of the present reprint. His eight long notes to this are all appropriated without acknowledgment, except that one of them is printed with inverted commas, and has the name "Barron Field" at the foot. The effect of this is of course to induce the belief that the rest of the notes are by a different hand.

Another of the previously edited plays is the *Four Prentices of London*, which was printed in the 1826 edition of "Dodsley." Mr. Pearson's editor gives twenty-one notes, all of which, except a solitary single one, are taken without acknowledgment from that reprint, the writer of most of them being still alive. This brings us to what we cannot but consider the most amusing part of the whole proceeding. When Barron Field died, Mr. John Payne Collier took up the task of editing Heywood for the Shakspeare Society, and reprinted seven more plays, which had thus the immense advantage of being elucidated by one who has devoted a lifetime to the study of our Elizabethan literature. Mr. Pearson's editor, to do him justice, is qualified to appreciate the value of notes coming from such a quarter, and has revelled in them like a horse let loose in a field of clover. In the two parts of *If You Know not Me, You Know Nobody*, he is indebted to Mr. Collier for one hundred and six notes out of one hundred and twenty-nine; in the *Golden Age*, for fifteen out of twenty-five; in the *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, for twenty-nine out of thirty-five; and in the *Woman Killed with Kindness*, every note has come from the same source. The whole of these are appropriated without the slightest acknowledgment, and without the remotest hint to the purchasers that the matter is not perfectly original. On the contrary, every here and there some little sneering note is interpolated, reflecting on Mr. Collier, in such a manner as, quite unintentionally of course, to lead the reader to believe that for all the valuable matter he has been reading he is indebted to Mr. Pearson's editor. This proceeding resembles nothing so much as the conduct imputed to the "small puppy dog" in Tom Moore's lines on Leigh Hunt's *Byron and his Contemporaries*. We must give some instances. In the *Golden Age* Mr. Collier's copy of the original quarto in one place has *defining*, whereas some other copy has, and rightly, *deifying*, whereon we read "This ridiculous blunder has been perpetuated by Mr. Collier, who seems only to have consulted a single copy. . . . The absurdity of the error," &c. &c. Again, "Mr. Payne Collier reads 'let all the deities.' I am not at all sure that he is right." "Mr. Collier, very unnecessarily, we think, alters *I* to *you*." "Here Mr. Collier's note only serves to darken and confuse," &c. &c.

But enough of this. We have been reminded that a German gentleman, Dr. Karl Eltze of Dessau, has made a similar complaint as to the way in which certain learned notes of his have been appropriated by the editor of Chapman's Works as issued by the same publisher. "The proceeding of this editor," he says, "is the

more provoking as not a single note besides mine, either original or taken from another source, has been added to the play in question, except the following quotation, on p. 362, 'see also Byron's *Conspirator*, ii. 199.' So that the entire illustration of the play with which the editor has favoured his readers is my unacknowledged property." This highly original course of proceeding may be economical and convenient, but such a style of editing is a novelty in English literature, and we trust we shall see no more of it. At the end of the last volume we observe "*finis coronat opus*" in capitals. Has the editor ever read *Quentin Durward*?

SPENCER'S DESCRIPTIVE SOCIOLOGY.*

WE gave a brief account of the general aim of this work at the time when we noticed the part dealing with English society †, and it may now suffice to repeat that Mr. Spencer's plan is to construct a series of tables which, when completed and brought together, will form such a classified epitome of universal history as may be used as a basis for scientific conclusions. By universal history we mean the facts known about past or existing societies of men, including those of which little or nothing is positively known beyond the state in which they were found by European discoverers, so that they have no history in the common usage of the word. Such is the case with the societies whose institutions and social conditions are described in the two folios issued during the present year. The civilizations of the American continent, abruptly extinguished by conquest, have thus much in common with the barbarous polities of the Pacific which are still being extinguished or transformed by a less violent contact with foreign elements. Neither set of races has any history to speak of; the one because they never had any, the other because of the Spaniards. The comparison suggests many reflections of a sort not favourable to the Spanish invaders, who blindly destroyed, among other things, scientific evidence of which we shall never know the value. Likewise one may speculate on what would have happened if these strange civilizations had been fortunately preserved by some such course of events as that which has taken place in India. But these topics seem irrelevant to the result now in hand, which is that Mr. Herbert Spencer's tables exhibit only a register, classified by vertical divisions, of the phenomena found co-existing in each people, without the horizontal divisions that mark off successive periods in the case of historical and progressive communities. This being so, the tabular form is at a disadvantage. Here it cannot offer us the convenience of tracing the advance of a people in a particular branch of culture by reading down a column, for there is no advance to trace; and its mechanical inconveniences remain. The unwieldy form of the book, which is troublesome to the hand, and the extreme narrowness of the columns, which is troublesome to the eye, are considerable, though probably unavoidable, drawbacks on its practical use.

Last year we pointed out that this work is designed to be a gigantic book of reference, and to a great extent what may be called a book of reference of the second order, inasmuch as many of the authorities compiled from are themselves books of reference; for which reason a judicious reader who would use it with safety and profit must bring to it even more than the ordinary caution required in consulting such works. Our inspection of these more recent numbers confirms us in our opinion of the importance of this warning. The compilations do indeed bring us much nearer to the original evidences than is at all practicable in dealing with civilized histories; the present condition of their subjects making it not only possible, but often necessary, for the compilers to grapple with these evidences at first hand. But against this advantage we must set off the additional strain on the individual judgment and energies of the compiler. A comparatively small quantity of crude and scattered material demands more thought and labour than a much larger quantity which has been already worked into shape for the most part, and the tasks undertaken by Professor Duncan and Dr. Scheppegg are certainly not less weighty or delicate on the whole than the arrangement of civilized history which has been confided to Mr. Collier.

Dr. Scheppegg appears to have done his portion of the work in a complete and conscientious manner. He has been fully alive to the peculiar difficulties and dangers in his way—in which, however, we cannot include one that is specially mentioned by Mr. Herbert Spencer in his preface:—

The facts here brought together in the Extracts and abstracted in the Tables, are derived from a great variety of works—many of them rendered difficult of access, either by their rarity or by the languages in which they are written. Of the 158 laid under contribution, 72 are English, 39 are Spanish, 24 are French, 17 are German, 3 are Latin, and 1 is Dutch; besides which, some slight use has been made of a Portuguese book and an essay in Danish.

We cannot admit that the tongues in which any of these books are written, except perhaps the Danish and Dutch, can fairly be said to make them "difficult of access" to any reader who really wants to know their contents. If a man who desires to acquaint himself with the records of Spanish America for any

* *Descriptive Sociology; or, Groups of Sociological Facts.* Classified and Arranged by Herbert Spencer. No. 2. Ancient Mexicans, &c. Compiled and abstracted by Richard Scheppegg, Ph.D. No. 3. Types of Lowest Races, Negritto Races, and Malayo-Polynesian Races. Compiled and abstracted by Professor David Duncan. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1874.

† *Saturday Review*, August 16, 1873.

serious purpose is deterred from it merely by the trouble of learning Spanish, we are not much inclined to pity him. But to return to the real difficulties. Dr. Scheppig has done his best to facilitate the verification of his abstract by those who may be disposed to do it either for criticism or for study. Sometimes he substitutes an abridged statement of his own for actual extracts from the author referred to; but he confines this practice to definite statements of fact, and never omits to give a full and precise reference. In the region of detailed extracts he not unfrequently adds references for further details which he has not room to set out. He endeavours by cross references to prevent the reader from losing himself in any part of Mr. Spencer's somewhat intricate classification, and he is not afraid to repeat the same extract when it is in point under more than one head.

We are sorry that we cannot say so much for Professor Duncan's treatment of the uncivilized races in No. 3. In the first place, he has not been very happy in the kind of matter he has chosen for his extracts. He quotes far too many vague general statements apart from any context of definite facts, so that they have to be taken simply on the personal credit of the writer from whom they are quoted. For instance, "the natives of Australia do not appear to have generic names"; and, in another place, they "seem unable to form abstract conceptions." These propositions convey no information without specific instances of the class of facts on which they are founded. They cannot be strictly true of any people who have a language at all, and before we can attach any meaning to them we must know in what sense such terms as "generic names" and "abstract conceptions" were used by the original authors. It does so happen that the defect is more or less supplied by other extracts, so that these are no worse than superfluous; but in a work of this kind superfluity is a grave fault. Again, Professor Duncan very often gives mere abstracts of his own making instead of extracts, and he does not observe Dr. Scheppig's precaution of always giving distinct references. It is sometimes difficult to tell whether we are reading the actual words of an observer or Professor Duncan's abridgment. One of these doubtful places affords another example of a vague statement. We are told that the Otaheites measure distance by time. So do all civilized people now and then, and in mountain countries habitually. The thing worth knowing is whether the Otaheites cannot measure distance otherwise, and that is just what we are not told. Sometimes we do not even get an abstract, but only the compiler's general impression of what he has read in his authority. Here is an extreme instance:—

The New Holland language seems to be more integrated, more heterogeneous, and more definite than the Polynesian in so far as articulation is concerned.—(Cook) *Hawkesworth's Voyages*, iii. p. 646.

Without looking into *Hawkesworth's Voyages* we may be very sure that Captain Cook knew nothing of such terms as *integrated* or *heterogeneous*, least of all as technical terms of Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy. Instead of the facts which Captain Cook observed, we have got the general conclusions which Professor Duncan thinks Captain Cook might have formed if he had read *First Principles*. The proper place for such generalities is not here, but in the tabular part of the work, and the evidence on which they are founded ought to be distinctly stated. Another drawback is that the extracts are too fragmentary, and that the accounts of earlier and later observers are all mixed up together. Sometimes there are statements of different observers directly contradicting each other; it is quite right to give both, but we ought to know whether they belong to the same time. There is no help to be got even from the list of authorities at the end, for the dates of the books are mostly omitted. The classification of the extracts is also not as careful as it might be. For instance, the means used by various tribes for getting fire are found partly under the head of Production and partly under that of Arts, and an extract about the Tahiti language has strayed into New Guinea.

Passing from the extracts to the tables, we find the transition at times dangerous. The extracts describe the *chandra sangkala* of the Javans, being memorial sentences for expressing dates by a device not unlike others of the same sort well known in England. This is represented in the table by a perfectly unintelligible statement about "a peculiar mode of writing." By the showing of the tables, the Sumatrans are advanced utilitarian moralists, for "their conception of virtue and vice has reference solely to the good or bad effects of actions on society." This would be most important if true, but we can find no authority whatever for it in the extracts. We can only guess that there has been some strange misprint or misplacement. In one case the table actually contradicts its authority in a rather curious way. The table says of the Sandwich Islanders, in the column "Exchange":—"Barter—bargain not considered binding till both parties had expressed themselves satisfied." The natural inference from this is that it was enough when both parties were satisfied; in other words, that the Sandwich Islanders had risen to the somewhat advanced legal conception of a contract perfect by consent alone, which again would be important if true. But what says the authority?—

No bargain was considered binding till the articles were actually exchanged, and the respective owners expressed themselves satisfied.—*Ellis's Hawaii*, p. 401.

This clearly shows that there is not any notion of an executory contract. The facts are as we should naturally expect to find them, but the reverse of what is suggested by the table. We have been thus minute in our criticism because the design of this work cannot be duly fulfilled unless extreme care is used both in

the selection and arrangement of the extracts and in the subsequent formation of the tables from them.

We cannot attempt here to forecast any new conclusions which Mr. Spencer or other thinkers may derive from such collections of facts as are here made. The general points of resemblance for which we were already disposed to look are certainly rendered more striking by being presented in a tabular form. Such are the apparently universal belief of savages that disease and the deaths we call natural are the work of supernatural agents; and still more notably the belief in the reality and significance of dreams, which has been found not only among primitive tribes, but in the civilized peoples of Central and South America. And it is not unreasonable to suppose that in the same way resemblances equally widespread but less obvious may be brought to light which otherwise would have escaped notice. The meagre facts of savage life sometimes fit oddly into Mr. Herbert Spencer's elaborate classification. Thus almost the only definite thing to be said of the "Æsthetic Sentiments" of the lowest races is that they are "excessively dirty." The "Arts" of the Australians are illustrated by this extract:—

The Australians of Cape York, "on our shooting a kite or two, instantly seized them, plucked off some of the feathers, and then warming the body a little at the fire, tore it open, and eat it up, entrails and all."—*Jukes's Voyage of Fly*, i. p. 297.

The same people contributes a charming lyric by way of "Æsthetic Products":—

If one has been very successful in the chase he may indulge in an impromptu song such as the following:—

"The kangaroo ran very fast;
I ran faster.
The kangaroo was very fat;
I ate him.
Kangaroo! Kangaroo!"

Trans. Eth. Soc. New Ser., iii. p. 272.

Apparently it takes the excitement of unusual success to produce so much as this. But even this is hardly so ludicrous as one of the "Intellectual Characters" of the Fuegians:—

So prone are the Fuegians to imitate that it is next to impossible to get an answer from them. One had stolen a tin pot; and the sailor to whom it belonged, after repeated inquiries about it, at length "became enraged at hearing his requests reiterated, and placing himself in a threatening attitude, in an angry tone, he said, 'You copper-coloured rascal, where is my tin pot?' The Fuegian assuming the same attitude, with his eyes fixed on the sailor, called out, 'You copper-coloured rascal, where is my tin pot?' The imitation was so perfect, that every one laughed, except the sailor."—*Weddell's Voy. towards S. Pole*, p. 154.

We cannot refrain from noticing another pair of curiosities in the "Laws of Intercourse," though they are of course not new. In the Sandwich Islands, when the owner of anything is asked whose it is, he answers, "It is yours and mine"—a combination of simplicity and refinement which the courtesy of more polished nations has not surpassed. In Tonga councils are dismissed by the patriarchal formula, "Let every man go and cook his yams," which is pleasing by mere simplicity. These may serve for specimens of the incidental amusement which an interested reader with a sense of humour may find in Mr. Spencer's folios. It must not be understood that we advise indifferent readers to take them up for the sake of the amusement alone.

THE DISCIPLES.*

ONE of the rarest qualities to be found in poetry is the originality which springs from the poet being overcome and mastered by his subject. Most poets necessarily choose their subjects, and, having chosen them, do their best to identify themselves with what they describe, and to use the materials thus provided as a vehicle by which they may teach or charm mankind. Some event in personal history, a love or a loss, may indeed for the moment carry the poet away on the tide of spontaneous emotion; but this cannot happen often in any life, not even in the life of a poet. That an interest so profound, an absorption so complete, should be produced by any set of events, that a writer should feel as if life were only given him to utter what is swelling in his breast, is, and must be, something accidental and extraordinary. But when it is present it always commands and arrests the attention of readers. The strength and sincerity of emotion give an irresistible power to what is written. No strength of emotion or absorption in a subject will necessarily make a writer a great poet, for to be a great poet is the summing up of a vast variety of great gifts; but it will make the poem in which it is embodied a remarkable poem, provided that the expression of feeling is not wholly inadequate, and that the subject is in itself one the elevation of which others can realize by sympathy, even though they may not see how they themselves could possibly be carried away by it. *The Disciples* is a poem of this type, and it is a very remarkable poem. The writer does not seem so much to compose it as to breathe it forth; it is the fruit of intense personal feeling; it glows with the fires of an absolute conviction. It is a hymn of praise, a chaunt of sorrow, suffering, and glory. The Master to whom this hymn is offered up is Mazzini, and the "Disciples" whose sufferings are recorded are some of those Italians who looked to Mazzini as their chief, and fought or died in the struggle for Italian freedom a quarter of a century ago. It is not a subject which in itself has much attraction. If the author, Mrs. King,

* *The Disciples*. By Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King. London: Henry S. King & Co.

had chosen it, she would have made a bad choice; but it is because she did not in any way choose it, because she was buried in it, because she belonged to it and not it to her, that she has written not a great poem, but a very remarkable one. At any rate it has the great charm of novelty. We feel when we have read a few pages that we are in the presence of something strange to us, of something large and deep, of much more devotion, love, and faith than we are accustomed to. It is a book altogether apart from common life, but the world of feeling in which the author lives is so intensely real to her that she makes it real to us.

The Disciples is not, however, a poetical poem without poetry. There is much beauty in many passages; there is an elevation of language as well as of sentiment in it; there are many harmonious lines in it, and there is often to be found a great wealth of imagination and illustration. But, as a rule, the poetry lies more in the thing thought than in the thing said. There is too a conspicuous want of poetical art. Mrs. King is too simple and earnest not to say what she has to say exactly as it occurs to her. She is indifferent as to the length to which her descriptions and reflections run. Having so much in her that she burns to express, she pours it all out, and there is scarcely a fine passage in the poem which is not spoilt in some measure by being too long. She says what she pleases and as it pleases her. One of the *Disciples* is a monk; and a monk who is also a disciple of Mazzini has naturally views on religion which it is impossible for Mrs. King not to communicate. As usual, there is the never-failing enthusiasm, elevation, deep and real feeling displayed; but in order to convey what her monk thinks on so important a subject, she incorporates into her poem a sermon supposed to be spoken by him, which extends to five-and-twenty pages, and after all a sermon is a sermon, although it is in blank verse. The entire absence of affectation also which characterizes the whole work often shows itself in the singular mode in which considerable parts of the narrative are written. Where facts are to be stated merely to link together the occasions of expressing feeling, Mrs. King does not trouble herself to do more than state them. She will not dress them up in any way, or use the resources of poetical diction in order to give them an artificial importance. She is too full of the greatness of her main subject to care about pleasing where she does not herself feel interest, and she tells much of her story not only in prose, although it is divided into lines of ten syllables, but in extremely bald prose. Prolixity in the good parts and baldness in the subsidiary parts are the faults of the poem considered as a piece of writing, and no reader can fail to notice them. But no one, on the other hand, can fail to notice that these faults are traceable to the very same causes which give so much force and beauty to the work as a whole; and this very much lessens their detrimental effect. Prolixity is unbearable when it is merely due to a fine writer not being able to leave off his fine writing; but it is bearable, although it may impair the poetical effect, when it is due to a poet not being able to escape from the continuous floods of feeling and passion that are rising within him; and if interpersions of bald narrative seem to pull us down somewhat from the level of poetry, they give us confidence in the simple honesty of the narrator, who will not stop to make poetry when no poetry suggests itself naturally. This prolixity and this baldness seem in some way to raise our opinion of the author, for they show a complete absence of any thought of what effect she might produce, and the impression thus created acts in turn on the impression which the whole book produces, and strengthens the conviction with which most readers will lay down the volume, that they have been in communion with a larger and nobler and purer spirit than has often been made known to them.

The volume opens with what is termed an overture, which really answers the purpose of an overture, as it puts us in harmony with the body of the work. Addressed to Mazzini, it describes how the author felt her first meeting with him when she was a child to have been the turning point in her life, how the feeling of passionate devotion to him grew with her growth, how he laid on her the duty of singing the deeds and lives of those who sacrificed themselves for Italian freedom, how she is a poet, not for the joy of poetry, but because she has a burden on her of which she must thus get rid, and how, when she sent the first fruits of her inspiration to the Master in Italy, they came too late and were laid on the bed where he slept in death. Fortunately these introductory pages are among the very best in the volume, and there is so much force in them, so much that is new, such a high range of feeling, so much artless humble devotion, that they amply serve their purpose, and put the mind of the reader in the right key to sympathize with all that follows. Not that the ordinary English reader is likely to be so carried away as to share the feelings of the writer, or to agree with all her views. One of her primary assumptions, that the poor of all European countries are serfs suffering under the cruel oppression of centuries, seems to us historically so untrue that no amount of poetry can persuade us to accept it. Nor is it possible for those who remember the external history of Mazzini's life, or who have read his published works, to believe that he was a man without many imperfections, although he no doubt possessed some qualities so high and rare as to awaken an ardent devotion to him in those who knew him intimately. Such women as Mrs. King do not worship a man without good ground, and it is a sufficient justification for her enthusiasm that it exists. But even if to estimate Mazzini rightly we should have to deduct something from what an enthusiastic admirer says of him, what is important in poetry is not soberness of historical judgment, but the kind of feeling

which as a matter of fact the subject of a poem happens to have awakened in the person who wrote it. It is not to be supposed that Dante judged with nice impartiality all the shades of goodness and badness in the characters of those whom he placed, as he happened to love or hate them, in the *Paradiso* or the *Inferno*. What signifies to us is not whether he was just, but whether his loves and his hates prompted him to write a great poem. That Mrs. King's love for Mazzini has prompted her to write a poem apart from other poems—original, touching, and ennobling—will, we think, be evident to any one who will read the first few pages of her book; and as her main theme is Mazzini, we will select for quotation a passage in which she describes her first meeting with the object of her intense and unwearied admiration:—

I was a child then :—and when I am old,
And my eyes fail from following in their flights
The autumn birds into the far-off heavens,
Still mid the youth of that day I shall stand
Prouder than any in their pride of life,
Having beheld what they shall never see,
Having heard words that they can never hear,
Having a face to make the darkness dawn,
Ever within my memory for a friend;
Remembering through the twilight of those days
This solace of the sunrise, this delight,
Bought by such pain as then shall nigh be past.—
For grace he gave me that outweighs all pain,
And light of heart I follow, dark or clear;
Because I hold a prouder laurel-leaf
Than any singer of imperial courts:
For he, the Seer, the Master, and the Saint,
Named me his poet, crowned me laureate
Of his Republic :—therefore are these words.

In this passage there is much poetry of thought, or rather of feeling, but there is little poetry of expression. But there is much beauty of expression in the overture, more perhaps in proportion to its length than there is in the body of the work. The author describes, for example, in lines full of animation and not without a sort of plaintive grandeur, how the young heroes whose story she is about to tell went to meet death with the music of high thoughts and high purposes ringing in their ears:—

And they are dead; and I half scorn myself
That I sit here to sing the songs of them,
Of which no word did echo in their ears
When they were dying. Nay, it was to them
Not words, but music :—music went with them
Along the Sacred Way Capitoline;
And inarticulate the trumpets rang
About the dying ears of those that fell;
And symphonies of some orchestral strain
Floated, and fell, and joined its notes again,
All day, all night, in one vibrating stream,
Across the darkness of the prison walls;
And sweeter than the sounds that from the harp
Of him who vanquished sirens in their song,
Thrilled out of Argo o'er Italian seas,
Some far-off bells did echo through the lands
Of exile, to the weary wayfarers,
Pierced them with pain, and struck them with desire,
And timed their bleeding steps upon the march
With some great watchword still reverberate.

Much the greater part of the volume is taken up with the story of Ugo Bassi, a monk who joined Garibaldi, and was shot by the Austrians for refusing to disclose Garibaldi's hiding-place. The story is supposed to be told by a peasant lad, who, having lost all his near relations by an epidemic during which Ugo ministered to the sick, agrees to accompany the Barnabite to Rome. The pangs with which the lad bids farewell to his home and the familiar hill on which it stood are faint with much pathos, and the delights of the long ramble to Rome form a cheerful and effective background to the dark and dismal scenes that are to follow. Mrs. King knows and understands Italian scenery, and when she sketches nature she sketches from the life. At last the travellers see in the distance the goal of their wanderings, and Antonio knows it is Rome:—

Now it was nearing sunset, and beside
A little rivulet the oxen stood
To drink, and rested. All around their heads
The gathering cloud of the mosquitoes hummed,
Golden amid the level light that streamed
To left of us, and lighted up one side
Of each black garment, and of each man's face.
There was great silence, and we plainly heard
The oxen chewing hard in the wet grass.
I was aware that all one way was set
The faces of the company, and all
Gazed onward straight; and I too gazed that way.
And in the farthest light the eye could reach,
Low down on the horizon, I beheld
Against an orange sky a purple cloud;
A cloud that did not change, nor melt, nor move.
And still there were faint shadows in the cloud,
A mystery of towers, and walls, and hills,
And the shadow of a great dome in the midst,
All purple—and I knew that it was ROME.

The machinery of introducing a peasant lad to tell the story answers some useful purposes, for it enables the author, as in these lines, to contrast the very simple things and the very great things he notices equally in his innocence, and it gives her the opportunity of continually expressing the devoted admiration which Ugo is meant to excite without having to express it formally herself. But it has many awkwardnesses, for the author naturally wishes to introduce many things which could never occur to a rude peasant, and then she has to stop to explain how they might possibly come from Antonio's life. Immediately after this de-

scription of Rome in the distance, there follows a rendering of a passage in Dante, and then Antonio pauses to tell us that it was Ugo who quoted the lines, but that he, Antonio, did not then understand them, and never had understood them. Before describing what had happened at Rome after their arrival, Antonio goes back to tell the story of Ugo's life up to that point, and informs us that Ugo had given offence to his ecclesiastical superiors by his boldness and frankness as a popular preacher, and had been ordered to go into complete retirement, until the new Pope, Pius IX., granted a general amnesty, and Ugo, without molestation, settled in Rome among a small community of the Barnabites, to whom he belonged. It is there that Antonio is received, and Ugo resumes his charitable work and preaches the sermon which explains to those whose patience is adequate his religious views. Mrs. King uniformly treats religious matters with reverence, and with a deep sense of their reality and importance, and no one is likely to find much to quarrel with in what Ugo said; but poetry is poetry, and sermons are sermons, and such poetry as there is in Ugo's sermons does not prevent our being very well pleased when he is at last interrupted by the sound of an excited crowd proclaiming that the Austrians are in flight and that Italy is arming. Ugo is enrolled as a chaplain of volunteers, and goes through a series of adventures at Bologna, Venice, and elsewhere, until at last he gets back to Rome, and at Rome is Mazzini:—

The name, the eyes, the voice, were in our midst
All day; the living hand was holding ours;
We felt that God was with us.

Antonio owns that he could not understand what Mazzini said, but Ugo understood it, and it is natural in Mrs. King to describe the effect as follows:—

For myself,
I could not understand the words of him
Who spoke as if His Prophet;—but I saw
How Ugo Bassi, with dilated eyes,
Drank them in day by day, and each day grew
More glorified to look on, as if now
No spiritual need were unfulfilled.
My Master had been great to me till now,
But now a greater One than he appeared,—
His Master, and the Master of us all.

It is only because it is so perfectly natural in Mrs. King to write in this way that her language does not seem forced and produce a painful effect, and it is a proof of the force of sincerity that when we have read thus far in the volume we feel that language like this has been made to seem to us not inappropriate. Mazzini directs Ugo to join Garibaldi, who welcomes him cordially, and suggests that he had better put off the priest's dress. Then comes the final struggle; the French enter Rome, and a small band, with Ugo and Antonio among them, and Garibaldi at their head, leave the city, and after innumerable dangers and calamities a scanty remnant of this band reach the sea and make for Venice. They are, however, overtaken by the Austrians. Antonio is captured and sent to Pola, but is subsequently released and makes his way to London, where he is supposed to be living in abject poverty when he tells the story. Garibaldi and Ugo reach the shore, but are forced to separate, and Ugo being taken is offered his life if he will reveal where Garibaldi lies hid; and his loyalty to his leader costs him his life. As, however, he is a priest, the consent of the ecclesiastical authorities to his execution is thought necessary. As might be supposed, it is readily obtained, more especially as the Archbishop of Bologna has just issued a missive pointing out, although without naming him, all the enormities of Ugo's rebellious conduct. This missive is set out in full, and gives a very faithful picture of what it would occur to an Archbishop to say under such circumstances, although, in spite of the authority of Mr. Browning, it may be doubted whether literal translations of documents in ecclesiastical Latin are within the region of poetry. The sad end, told simply and somewhat prosaically, but not without directness, dignity, and pathos, follows. Three volleys rang out through the still air, and "Bologna heard and knew that all was over." So passes away Ugo Bassi, "wearing the red rose of martyrdom and dying for Italy"; but not dying in vain, as it is to him and men like him that the emancipation of Italy owes much of what it has had of the heroic in it; and his fate has moved a poetess in a strange land to build up what, with all its defects, is a noble monument to his memory.

DRAYSON'S MOTION OF THE FIXED STARS.*

THERE is no dictum in Macaulay's Essays to which more frequent reference is made than his assertion that theology differs from mathematics and the inductive sciences in that it is not a progressive science, whereas in the latter a proposition once demonstrated is never afterwards contested. "Nobody," he says, "ever heard of a reaction against Taylor's Theorem, or of a reaction against Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood." Were this strictly true, then might the most desponding pessimist read De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes* with pleasure, or at least without giving new shapes to his apprehensions. He would be like a valetudinarian reading a book on the diseases peculiar to infancy. With all his

deep-rooted belief that every possible calamity must attend the future of our race, he would be haunted by no new forms of dread from De Morgan's pages, since the feats of folly which they immortalize can never be repeated now that we have got beyond that infancy of knowledge during which alone they were possible. But, alas! this view of the steady advance of the inductive and exact sciences, though true when the race is considered, is by no means true for individuals. What renders the *Budget of Paradoxes*, with all its inimitable humour, an essentially sad book, is the lesson it teaches that no amount of honesty of purpose or of indefatigable labour will secure a man from falling into the grossest errors in science, and wasting his life in fruitless efforts to discredit the results of the labours of past generations, if only he makes the mistake of attacking propositions before he has fully investigated the proofs upon which they rest. And no more melancholy example of such wasted labour and ingenuity could be found than Colonel Drayson's work. The author has very considerable knowledge of spherical trigonometry and practical astronomy, and uses his knowledge in a way that proves he is by no means destitute of ability. He has evidently spared no labour in the composition of the book, for he has entered into elaborate calculations upon the slightest possible pretext. Yet the result of the whole is utterly worthless, and deserves any length of life it may attain solely on the ground that it is the most conscientiously elaborated blunder which has been put forth for a long time. And the cause of this is easy to discover. The author has never examined the basis on which rests that physical astronomy which he rejects. He evidently imagines he has done so because he criticizes its results. But he should have been a student before appearing as a critic. His want of comprehension of the nature of that which he is attacking is so crass, that he positively does not realize the difference between a law that aims at describing the motion of a heavenly body and one that aims at accounting for it. He is colour-blind to the difference between Kepler and Newton.

The book itself is intended to be a sequel to a work by the same author on the last Glacial epoch. As is usually the case, the exciting cause of this elaborate tissue of errors is an attempt to account for phenomena the nature and details of which are themselves too little known. The acknowledged difficulty of explaining the greatly lower temperature which prevailed in these latitudes during the last Glacial epoch has led the author to suggest that it might be caused by an increased obliquity of the earth's axis and a consequent extension of the Arctic and Antarctic circles. The idea is sensible enough, and it is quite right that careful examination should be made to see whether the laws of physical astronomy permit us to entertain the idea. As we at present understand them, they certainly do not, nor does the author give us any reasons whatever for thinking that these laws should be reinvestigated, or that our conclusions from them are incorrect. All that he does is to examine the observations of the position of the earth's axis at different times, and to show that these are consistent with the hypothesis that it is moving along a path which would make it assume the position he wishes at about the right date. And this he considers to be a demonstration of his proposition. Any mathematician would tell him that, when but a small part of a curve has been observed—as is the case with the path in the heavens of the extremity of our axis—it is quite easy to find a thousand possible paths all coinciding with the observed one within the limits of errors of observation, but widely differing in their future course. Nothing would be easier than to find a path of this kind, which, if taken for the path of the axis, would place it at any given place at any given time reasonably distant from the present to allow for the slowness of the motion.

But it will be asked—does the writer give no reasons for this particular path being the path of the axis other than that it would suit his theory of the Glacial age? Not a single reason that would weigh with an astronomer who had got beyond the stage of the Ptolemaic philosophy. The path in question is a circle; and if one can believe that nature has a preference for circular motion as being the most perfect type, then we may see grounds for saying that, if Colonel Drayson's explanation of the cause of the Glacial epoch be correct, the path he assigns to the axis is probably the right path. But to those who do not share the Ptolemaic superstition in favour of circular motion in itself, and who expect to find it only when the laws of motion tell them that it will occur, and who moreover know that perfect circular motion never does and never can occur in nature, these considerations have no weight; without knowing what class of curve a path will be, it is mere folly to attempt to predict its course from our necessarily imperfect knowledge of a small portion of it. Once grant that it will be of a certain type, and, as in the case of a comet, a very few observations will fix it. Or, again, a vast number of observations over all parts of an often-repeated orbit justify (as in Kepler's case) an induction as to the actual path. But so completely is our author ignorant of the necessity of this fuller knowledge to enable him to perform the induction safely, that he does not even see that he is making an induction at all, and persists in speaking of his proofs as being geometrical ones, and having the special indefeasibility which such proofs possess. Unless he accepts the Ptolemaic Hypotheses, or gives us a proof that the motion must in this case be circular—and he cannot do this while rejecting the notion of accounting for the motion by physical laws—his proofs deserve to be called geometrical about as much as they deserve to be called theological or chemical.

The appearance of such a book as this is a sign that people perpetually require to be reminded that all knowledge limits the

* *The Cause of the Supposed Proper Motion of the Fixed Stars and an Explanation of the Apparent Acceleration of the Moon's Mean Motion, with other Geometrical Problems in Astronomy hitherto Unsolved: a Sequel to the Glacial Epoch.* By Lieut.-Col. Drayson, R.A., F.R.A.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1874.

range of what can be considered permissible theories. If Newton's law of universal gravitation be true, then it necessarily follows that the pole of the earth must have a certain irregularly circular motion in the heavens round a certain point (not the one chosen by Colonel Drayson), while there is a very slow alteration in the plane of the earth's orbit. The first of these effects is due to the attraction of the sun or moon on the protuberant parts of the earth near the equator; the second is due to the attraction of the other planets on the earth. These are necessary consequences of Newton's theory, and they give a path diverse in most parts from that given by our author, though nearly coinciding with it just about the place at which our axis now is. If we are to take his path as the actual path, we must not only throw overboard the parts of astronomy which relate to the motion of the axis, but the whole theory of gravitation, and, in fact, of dynamics. We shall be ready to do so when we get a better; but in the meantime Colonel Drayson must try to provide one which will enable us to predict to a second the commencement of an eclipse, and to compile a Nautical Almanack which will give the place of the moon at any minute three years hence with such accuracy that chronometers at sea can be corrected by it. He pleads that his theory is contradicted by no observations of the motion of the axis. Perhaps not; but it is contradicted by every observation of the moon and planets that supports the theory of gravitation. It would be a poor exchange to accept, on the ground of its seeming to explain the Glacial epoch, about which we know so little, a theory that relegated to hopeless inexplicability the whole of the lunar and planetary motions which we can ascertain to such an exquisite degree of accuracy, and in regard to which all this exactness of knowledge has only served to render more evident the truth of our theories.

As might be expected from the nature of the book, there is no lack of minor errors in it, but on these we will not dwell. Some of them are indicative of a still more immature state of knowledge than that in which the author is at the present time, and we are surprised that he has not himself perceived and corrected them. For instance, he has found a splendid mare's-nest in the alleged self-contradictory nature of two statements, both of which are commonly found in astronomical works. He would have us believe that these assert that something describes a circle and yet varies its distance from the centre of the circle, and he is never tired of adducing this as a contradiction in the theories of astronomers which has escaped their notice. A little respect for the intellects of men like Airy, Adams, and Leverrier, to say nothing of the great astronomers of the past, might have led him to see that it is simply impossible that a contradiction so patent relating to the subject to which they devote their lives could escape their notice. Amateur critics of the exact sciences would do well to remember that the discovery of a glaring absurdity in any generally received conclusion is a sign of their own want of comprehension of the subject and not of the erroneous nature of the conclusion. But as Colonel Drayson has a taste for such things we will give him another instance of the monstrous inconsistencies of which astronomers are guilty, to serve for his next work. They perpetually speak of the planets describing ellipses about the sun. Yet they say that each planet is disturbed in its orbit by the attraction of the others upon it, and that these disturbances render the orbit *not* an ellipse. We trust that the author will duly castigate them for this inconsistency, which is similar in character to the one about which he is so severe in the present work, and quite as flagrant. And if any student of mathematics wishes to see how want of acquaintance with a subject will lead a man to make a mystery out of nothing, let him turn to the twelfth chapter of the present work, a chapter of which the author is specially proud. He professes that, if we neglect the diurnal rotation, the motion of the axis will yet permit of many very different motions of the earth itself; and all the mystery of the matter consists in his having unconsciously introduced into the question different amounts of the diurnal motion which he professed to neglect entirely. Such mare's-nests as these usually mark solitary work, and it is probable that this is at the root of most of the writer's errors. He is evidently an earnest seeker after truth, and willing to spend both time and money to advance science. If, before embarking on any new enterprise in the way of writing books on astronomy, he will incur the slightly additional outlay of both which would be caused by his studying for a time under a competent mathematician, we think he would soon find himself richer in knowledge and in pocket and poorer by a hobby.

WORDSWORTH, SHELLEY, AND KEATS.*

IN this volume Professor Masson has collected a series of literary essays which appeared several years ago in various magazines. They may be divided into essays upon the general theory of poetry and essays upon particular poets. So much has been written upon the three great writers whose names supply the title of the volume that it would not be easy to say anything strictly new upon the subject. Professor Masson's remarks will, however, be interesting to all readers and offensive to none. He is a thoughtful, impartial, and yet sympathetic critic. Here and there, of course, we should find fault with his want of appreciation, and here and there with his excessive appreciation of certain particular qualities.

* *Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and other Essays.* By David Masson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

We should think rather less of Wordsworth's metaphysical power than he seems to do; and we should not be disposed to follow him in passing over the *Cenci* in a parenthesis, as a kind of exception to Shelley's general tendencies. But we have no serious fault to find with his estimates of the three poets, which probably coincide pretty accurately with the final judgment of the most cultivated students. On the whole, we think the essay on Keats the most satisfactory, and that on Shelley the least satisfactory of the three. Indeed, it is as difficult to grasp the peculiar essence of Shelley's poetry as to weigh a morning mist or analyse the scent of a flower. Nobody but a congenial poet could quite do him justice; and few poets have the critical faculty developed in proportion to the creative. However, in the very difficult task which he has attempted, Professor Masson has acquitted himself creditably, and, in some respects, more than creditably. Without further criticizing his criticism, we will pass on to discuss one or two of his theories.

In one of the essays which has the least direct connexion with the main purpose of the book Professor Masson discusses the Scotch influence upon British literature. Scotchmen may point with pride to the long series of national celebrities whom they have produced, especially in the last century. Such names as Reid, Hume, Adam Smith, James Mill, Sir W. Hamilton, Scott, Burns, Jeffrey, and Smollett, to say nothing of others who have some mixture of Scotch blood, are sufficiently significant. Professor Masson endeavours to define the quality by which all these writers are distinguished from Englishmen. We should have little hesitation in saying at once that the task is impracticable. Our powers of analysis are altogether insufficient to enable us to take a national character to pieces, and to say decisively what is the element by which it is differentiated from all others. And, moreover, the Scotch element—whatever it may be—is not equally present in all Scotchmen. All that we can expect is that there should be a preponderance of the particular ingredient of which we are in search when we take a sufficiently large number of cases; but it is hopeless to expect to discover it in every case. Accordingly we are not surprised to find that Professor Masson reaches a conclusion which we can by no means accept. After some remarks upon their patriotism or provincialism, which is rather an incident of their position than an ultimate element of their character, he decides that the "Scotticism of Scotchmen" consists in a "habit of emphasis. All Scotchmen are emphatic." And he proceeds to show how this differs from the old saying about their "perfidium ingenium." Many Scotchmen are fervid, it seems, but "all, absolutely all, are emphatic." We should have liked some sort of definition of the quality thus roughly described; but, so far as we can understand Professor Masson's meaning, we cannot admit it to be true. Mr. Carlyle, we must all admit, is an emphatic writer; and we may perhaps say the same of Burns and some other eminent Scotchmen. But we do not understand in what sense it can be said that Hume, for example, was emphatic. Professor Masson tells us that he was emphatic because he was a sceptic instead of resting "on the level of sweetly-composed experience." Nobody, unless driven by an *à priori* theory, would ever have thought of applying such an epithet to one of the calmest, if not most frigid, of writers, whose smooth Gallicized style is specially remarkable for the careful avoidance of anything like overstrained assertion. Reid, we are next told, was emphatic for the opposite reason that he was not a sceptic, but maintained the existence of certain primary intuitions. This makes Professor Masson's meaning still more obscure. Then we are told that Mackintosh was an exception to the rule, because he was not "emphatic" at all. We should add the greater name of Adam Smith, who was an admirable writer, but whose style is remarkable for its rather too copious and easy flow much more than for any love of emphasis. Burke and Smith might be taken for examples of the excess and defect of emphasis. This tendency to emphasis, we are next told, is the reason why Scotchmen so seldom produce imaginative work as full and harmonious as that of Chaucer and Shakespeare. Very few men of any race accomplish that feat; but perhaps the writer who has shown the most closely allied temperament in modern times is Walter Scott, and his style is so free from emphasis that he has written fewer phrases which have become at all proverbial than any writer of at all comparable excellence. Our criticism indeed becomes doubtful, because we have a lurking suspicion that we really do not quite catch Professor Masson's meaning. We are inclined, however, to think that, so far as he is expressing a truth, it is one which is better expressed in the old phrase about Scotch fervour, or in the statement that their provincial position disposes Scotchmen to a slight excess of self-assertion.

There is a tendency, however, in Scotchmen which, if not a national characteristic, is at least common to a good many recent Scotch writers. They take a pride in their national philosophy, and are apt to apply it rather rashly. Professor Masson is himself a metaphysical critic, and is an ardent admirer of Sir W. Hamilton. He introduces some of his doctrines into his poetical criticism, and especially applies them in an ingenious paper upon "Theories of Poetry." Without following his remarks upon Mr. Dallas, who serves as a text for his disquisition, we will say a few words upon the result which he reaches. The final definition at which he arrives is that the poetic faculty is "the power of intellectually producing a new or artificial concrete"; and upon this rather pompous formula he dilates at considerable length. Although he makes a good many able remarks, we confess that the definition appears to us to be radically unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it is, like most other

definitions, a good deal too wide in some directions and as much too narrow in others. It would, in the first place, include a great many intellectual operations which can only be called poetical by extending the meaning of that word in an unwarrantable fashion. Thus, for example, the man of science is constantly producing "new or artificial concretes" when he imagines bodies placed in different positions and under the influence of a different set of forces from any with which he has been acquainted by experience. Newton, we may suppose, was as much in the habit of inventing such conceptions as Shakspeare; and so in his degree does every mathematician who sets a problem paper in an examination. If the pictures presented to the scientific imagination be called in any sense poetical, we may add that the same process is constantly illustrated by the politician or the economist. Mr. Disraeli produces "new and artificial concretes" whenever he invents a new political combination; and Mr. Mill did just the same whenever he invented an imaginary case to illustrate the laws of rent or of international exchange. If Mr. Masson chooses to call a chapter on the Bank Charter Act a poem, we can only say that he uses the word in a novel and rather startling sense. We should be forced, therefore, to amend the definition by inserting words which make it no definition at all. We should have to say that the poet is the man who produces not only "new and artificial" but poetical concretes; and therefore the question remains which concretes are and which are not poetical—a question which, we need hardly say, brings up the whole discussion over again. But, in the next place, the definition is too narrow. We take, for example, a most familiar and, as Professor Masson will agree, a most poetical stanza from Shelley:—

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some care is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Where is the "new and artificial concrete" in these words? From a subsequent remark we learn what would be Professor Masson's answer. It is, he says, a "variety of imaginative exercise" to imagine states of feeling. Such a verse, therefore, as that which we have quoted is poetical, "so far as it is an imagined piece of concrete—that is, in so far as it is an imagination by the poet of the state of feeling of another mind, or of his own mind, in certain circumstances." And he goes on to say that "the moment any of the doctrines he (the poet) is dealing with melts into his own personal state of being, at that moment the poet ceases to be a poet pure, and becomes so far a thinker or moralist in union with the poet." This is a very ingenious, but surely a most cumbersome, mode of forcing facts into harmony with theory. Shelley's lines do not impress us because they are a reproduction of what he or somebody else taught before, but primarily and essentially because they are a strong expression of what he feels at the time. If the thought had been prosaic in itself, it would not have affected us any the more because it was attributed to some other real or possible state of mind. The theory fails as the theory of association fails. It may explain why some intrinsically uninteresting thought or fact becomes accidentally interesting, but it cannot help to explain the primitive sources of interest themselves. It is a confusion between the accident and the essence. And the alternative that we may regard Shelley as a mere thinker or moralist is but a clumsy expedient for finding another name for those kinds of poetry which will not fit into the definition. The truth is that Professor Masson overlooks in his abstract theory, though of course he constantly recognizes in his criticism of particular cases, the emotional side of poetry. No merely intellectual definition can possibly be sufficient. A poet differs from a philosopher or a man of science because all the facts which he presents are tinged by his own emotions, and intended to affect his readers' hearts as well as their minds. Lyrical poetry is in great part a direct expression of sentiment, and is often more powerful in proportion as it confines itself to that function—that is to say, according to Professor Masson, in proportion as it passes into mere moralizing. Epic or dramatic and descriptive poetry involves the process which Professor Masson describes, but that which causes it to be poetical instead of merely scientific or philosophical is purely that it presents objects in such a way as to excite the emotions, and that is precisely the characteristic of which Professor Masson's definition fails to take account. We shall not venture to offer a rival definition of our own, for nothing is rarer than a definition or an Act of Parliament through which a skilful antagonist may not drive a coach and four.

In another essay, Professor Masson deals eloquently with poetical prose. We cannot follow him in his discussion, which would suggest a good many topics for further inquiry, but we may venture to remark in conclusion that a little castigation would occasionally be useful for Professor Masson's own style. The following sentence exhibits the worst case we have noticed of a fault from which he is not so free as becomes a Professor of Rhetoric:—"Wrapping up his (Wordsworth's) doctrinal peculiarities, if he had had any, in the midst of his poetry, instead of protruding them in his preface, he would have blasted the old spirit out by the mere infatuation of the new, and wound resistless hands in the hair of the nation's instincts." The hair of instincts is rather a violent metaphor, which it is extremely difficult to reconcile with the other figurative expressions in the same sentence. "Infatuation" is perhaps a misprint, but we cannot venture upon a conjectural emendation.

ONOMATOPSE.

AS the title of this book is somewhat long, and as we saw no means of cutting it shorter, we have tried to keep the balance even by making our heading as short as might be. And in doing so we trust that we have gained the further point of bringing into prominence the word which is clearly the essence of the title. In the title-page the two words "Laws" and "Onomatopse" stand out in all the dignity of a type far larger than is allowed to their fellows. "Laws" is a word which we know very well, but we do not remember to have seen the word "Onomatopse" before. And when we had caught its meaning, and had seen that it had something to do with what is called Onomatopoeia, it struck us that, of the two elements of which that long word is made, the verb was rather hardly treated in being cut down to the single letter *p*, while the noun takes to itself all the rest of four syllables. However, if the "Onomatopse" are thus unfairly handled in the title-page, they have plenty of space given to them in the book itself, in which "Law" also fills up a good many pages. The book itself is one of that half-scientific kind the drift of which is harder to make out than even those which no ray of modern research has shone upon. The writers belong to the class who understand and do not understand, who believe and do not believe, what scientific comparative philologists have made out. Sometimes one is inclined to doubt whether the writer understands any language at all, as, for instance, in the very first sentence, where we read how the Count de Goddes-Liancourt, "while in Rome—1840—occupied in establishing a 'Humane Society' on the *Flavum Tiberim*, and lecturing on the art of bringing the asphyxiated back to life, had the honour to breakfast with Cardinal Mezzofanti." Presently we are told that "Plato was the first who introduced the vocable *ὀνομαστικός* [*onomatopos*?] and *ὀνομαστική*," and a little way on we hear of the "*Vergleichend Grammatik*." But perhaps all this may be due to some translator, transcriber, or printer, helped out by some theory that, when we quote a foreign word, we should put it in the case which it would take if it were a native word. We are more puzzled with a quotation in page 81:—"Loquacissimæ manus, linguosi digiti, silentium clamosum," for which the reference is to "Cassiodorus Varro, 'De Lingua Latina,' iv. 51." Now "Cassiodorus Varro" almost equals our former friend "Luciano Hercules Gallieno," with whom the author of a queer book on the History of the Common Law made us merry; but we have done our best by dividing him into two, and that best is very little. We cannot find that Cassiodorus wrote any book with the title "De Lingua Latina." Of the well-known treatise of Varro so called the fourth book is lost, and we cannot find anything like the extract in the books that remain. The rare word "linguosus" is found in two places of Petronius Arbiter—to take a sudden leap from two such respectable writers as Varro and Cassiodorus—but the extract for which we are seeking is not in either of them.

All this gives us but little trust in the scholarship of our authors, whom we should certainly have more excuse for rolling into one than they have for doing the like by Cassiodorus and Varro. And we are not much strengthened when we pass on from the "loquacissimæ manus," &c. to read how "a high priest in Greece was celebrating, with pomp and solemnity, the services of the gods at Athens." "Every one," we are told, "will recollect the scene," and we have some vague remembrance of it ourselves which it would have been only kind in the authors to strengthen by a reference; but we do wish to know how "the services of the gods at Athens" could have been celebrated by their high priest anywhere but "in Greece." Again, what can be made out of this?—

A people possessing equivalents for *big* and *man* would be more disposed to place one before the other, than to invent the new term *giant*.

Do the Count and his colleague believe that any people invented the word "giant" out of hand to express the sense of "big man"? For ourselves "*malleum fraterculus esse gigantum*" than roll Cassiodorus and Varro into one, but that may be a matter of taste. But we beg leave to protest when we are told that

In Somersetshire the sound given to the word *this* is, to a Londoner's ear, exactly like *thik*. We know that the two words are identical in construction, and are supposed to be identical in sound by their respective utterers.

For the credit of the Saxon tongue, we must explain that the two words are not identical in construction and are not supposed to be identical in sound. *pylic*, *pylc*, *pic* exactly answers in its formation to *whic* or *whilk* from *hwylc*. In modern usage it does not mean *this* but *that*, and no ear could possibly take it for *this*, from which it differs in sound and meaning. But all these particular slips and mistakes might be quite consistent with some intelligible view about something or other, only we cannot exactly make out what it is that our two authors are driving at. It is of course, in some form or other, the old story of proving that language was formed by onomatopoeia. Now we are not aware that we have ever committed ourselves to any statement contrary to such a doctrine. All that we have ever said is that Mr. Wedgwood and others who go in for onomatopoeia commonly begin their inquiries a little too soon. Setting aside a few words, names of animals and some others, which are directly formed from the sound, and which stand, so to speak, outside the root system, we must not think of the onomatopoeic or other origin of a word till we have traced it to its root. Then we may fairly stop to think

* *Primitive and Universal Laws of the Formation and Development of Language: a Rational and Inductive System founded on the Natural Basis of Onomatopse.* By Callistus Augustus Count de Goddes-Liancourt and Frederic Pincott. London: Allen & Co. 1874.

whether there is or is not any way of accounting for the root having the meaning which it has. Our authors quote what we said on this matter last year, which we now say again. When we have traced all the cognates in all the Aryan languages up to the root *Vid*, or any other, with our present knowledge we can get no further. We see that *Vid* means to see, but we do not see why it should mean to see. If our present authors can tell us why it means to see, whether by onomatopœia or for any other reason, we are quite ready to learn. If anybody can trace up the Aryan root to anything earlier still, we are quite ready to listen to him. If any one can establish a connexion between Aryan roots and Semitic roots, or any other roots, so as to trace both to some yet earlier common stock, we are quite ready to listen. All that we refuse to do is to make any comparison at any stage before we have got back to the root. We know by experience that a particular word in some Aryan language may be very like a particular word in some other language, that it may have very much the sound of a word formed by onomatopœia, and yet that by tracing it up to its root we may see that it has nothing to do with either the one or the other. But when we get to the root, then we can breathe and look about us to see whether the root itself has any cognates, or can be itself traced to anything earlier. It is not fair to talk in this kind of way:—

This consideration will, we think, modify somewhat the superstitious reverence with which Sanskrit roots are generally regarded. "It is a Sanskrit root" is, apparently, held by many to be a conclusive argument—the *ultima Thule*—the last appeal. Any doubt about the finality of a root is regarded as a kind of profanation, or a mania, akin to disbelief in the rotundity of the earth or the motion of the celestial bodies.

It is clear that the Count and his fellow-worker have not got quite rid of the vulgar notion that comparative philologists wish to derive things from Sanskrit. Now no rational scholar thinks that there is any special mystery about Sanskrit more than about Greek or English. Scholars go to the Sanskrit simply because it is in that language that the words and forms common to the whole family are most often found in their oldest shapes. When, as sometimes happens, the oldest shapes are to be found in some other language, they go to that language instead of to the Sanskrit. But it is clear that our writers, though they have got together a vast number of examples from various tongues, Aryan and non-Aryan, are still themselves in the pre-scientific stage. This is shown in the long discussion of many pages which they give to the word *law* and its real or supposed cognates. They begin by saying:—

The connection between *law* and *ligan*, to lay, was pointed out by Horne Tooke a hundred years ago, yet his explanation is not generally accepted, and the Latin *licere*, to permit, to allow, has been thought, by some, a more probable source of the word. It will be shown in the sequel that *licere* itself, and all such words, originate in the idea of *laying, leaving*; and therefore the ultimate base of *law* through either channel would be the same. Still there can be no doubt that *ligare*, to bind, is a nearer relative to *lex, legis*, than *licere*, to allow; and we, therefore, agree with Mr. Wedgwood in thinking that by *law* is meant "what is laid down."

Without going any further, how could it come into any man's head that the "source" of the English *lagu, law*, could be found in the Latin *licere*? Supposing *lagu* has anything to do with either *licere* or *ligare*, it could only be as a cognate, not as a derivative. So, directly after, the writers make their way by a very odd path to the French *louer* and the Latin *locare*, but seemingly without knowing that here they have come to a real case of actual derivation. So, just before, they say "the adjective *lawful* undergoes the following transformations in Norman-French," most of which have nothing to do with the matter; but even when they have, the writers do not seem to see the absurdity of speaking of the French form of a cognate word as a "transformation" of the English form. When people say what they have to say in such a confused way as this, they can hardly hope that any one will pay much attention to their theories. As far as we can see most, perhaps all, words which have either an *l* or an *r* in them have something to do with the word *law*. A cloud and a crayfish, wool and a villain, are all members of this happy family. What our writers have to say about the villain is funny enough:—

Vile is not allied to *villain*. The latter word has a curious meaning when traced to its origin; for the ancient *villicus, villanus*, was the servant of the *villa*, which last is undoubtedly a form of *villus* or *vellus*, the skin of a sheep, akin to *pellis*, the skin of any beast, *velamen*, a covering in general, and *vallum*, an enclosure, a wall,—the *v* passing into *b* in the word *build-ing*,—all of which meet in a point in the Sanskrit base *vri*, to surround, co-ver. Thus a *villain* is, etymologically, "the servant of a covering."

We have not room to run through all these wonderful forms of *l*, but it is worth noticing that our author tells us that

The Latin *lingua* certainly gave rise to *lingere, delingere, diligo*, and *loquor*, to speak, *lingula*, a chatter-box, *loquax*, loquacious; and from the base of *λεγω* spring *λέγω*, λόγος, a word, *λέξικον*, a dictionary, also *λέω*, *lux*, *luxuria*, *luxury*, and *λέω*, to desire, analogous to *λήγω*, *λήμμα*, the O. H. G. *huban*, Lat. *hubet*, Goth. *huba* (dear), Sans. *lubh*, Eng. *love*, that which is worthy of praise, *laus*, Lat., *lob*, O. H. G., what makes us "lick our chops," or *lust* after, *lustus*, Goth.; *laska*, Bohem.; *las*, Sans.

Out of this astounding jumble all that we need pick out is that our authors seem wholly unconscious of the real connexion between the Latin *lingua* and the English *tongue*—we feel special wish at this moment to write it *tung*—and the Greek *τρυγγωμαι, τρυγγος*.

We must give one glance at "the base *vri*":—

A *whelk* is a curly shell-fish; a *wire* is a flexible object that will turn to-ward-s any point; and a *weird* creature is one that wanders round about according to its own will.

Before our writers take on themselves to say anything more about

weird, they would do well to read the twelfth chapter of Mr. Kemble's first book, or, at any rate, the section which is headed "The Fates." We do not think that we need dwell any longer on this kind of thing. Where there is any light, it is so hidden under many bushels as to be much the same as darkness.

SLAVONIC FOLK-LORE.*

THE Popular Tales of Serbia are excellent specimens of the class of stories to which they belong, and it seems strange that they should have waited so long for an English interpreter. Serbian, it is true, is a language not generally known, and therefore the modest little volume of *Srpske Narodne Pripovijetke*, published at Vienna in 1853 by the celebrated Vuk Stefanovich Karajich, might well have escaped the notice of Western scholars. But the excellent German version of those tales which was brought out at Berlin in 1854 by his daughter Wilhelmine has long been familiar to students of folk-lore. The books now before us, however, are the first to introduce these stories to English readers. It is a pleasure to find that both of the translators to whom they are due have worked carefully and conscientiously.

Madame Csedomille Mijatovics's volume contains a number of Bosnian stories, collected by young theological students, members of the college at Dyakovo in Croatia, in addition to about a dozen tales from Karajich's collection. But the Bosnian story-tellers seem to have been inferior artists to those whom Karajich consulted; at all events, their productions, as recorded by the theological students who wrote them down, do not appear to advantage by the side of the other simpler and briefer ones. Some of them are evidently composed of a number of stories, clumsily attached to each other, and shaped into an attempt at a continuous narrative. A genuine folk-tale rarely assumes the dimensions to which some of the Bosnian narratives attain. One of the shortest among them is also one of the most characteristic, and may serve to give an idea of the class to which it belongs—that of the somewhat heathenish legends about the Saints in which so many Christian nations delight. Once upon a time, it tells us, the Saints divided among themselves the treasures of the world, St. George obtaining the summer and its flowers, and St. Elias the clouds and the thunder; St. John being chosen to preside over friendship, and the Virgin Mary receiving "the charge of the lawless country of the cursed Trojan." After a time "the holy Mary" reports that the Trojan people are entirely devoted to a silver idol, and she suggests that they should be severely punished by lightning. But Elias, the lord of the thunderbolt, mitigates their punishment, and they are therefore subjected at first merely to unseasonable weather, then to the inroads of smallpox, and finally to the ravages of an insatiable dragon feeding on young men and maidens. "Every morning for breakfast the monster required a young man who had never been wedded; and every evening for supper he demanded a youthful and blooming maiden." At length, when it comes to the turn of the Queen's daughter, St. George appears and pins the dragon with his lance to the bottom of the lake which it haunts. Then he rides in triumph to the city and reads the so long stiff-necked people a moral lesson which turns them from the evil of their ways. Whereupon he returns to the lake and makes the sign of the cross above its waters, which straightway disappear, carrying off the dragon with them.

Mr. Denton tells us that in some versions of this poem—for the legend is one of those which in the original assume a metrical form—the name of India is substituted for that of the land of Trojan, and he adds that "probably there is here a reference to the theory that the Turks and Trojans were the same people." But the mythological Trojan has nothing to do with Troy. His name is by some philologists derived from *tri* or *troe*, and is supposed to allude to the fact of his having, like the Pomeranian deity Triglaf, three heads. An attempt has been made to identify him with the Roman Emperor Trajan, but he appears to have been in reality a supernatural being, having much to do with the precious metals, as being intimately connected with some of the treasure guardians of Northern mythology, and having, in all probability, something in common with the majestic forms of Pluto and Kuvera. In one of the Serbian tales translated by Mr. Naaké we find the story of Midas attributed to "the Emperor Trojan," and the myth of Midas turning into gold everything he touched becomes expanded, in a Bulgarian tale quoted by Buslaef, into a moral Christian legend. According to this legend, Trojan was the name, not of the ruler of a subterranean district rich in gold, but of a city the heathenish inhabitants of which believed "not in Jesus Christ, but in gold and silver." In that city were seventy fountains, from which flowed through the streets as many streams of cool water. Now, to punish its wicked citizens God gave them that which they adored, and from the seventy fountains there began to flow no longer water, but liquid gold and silver. For some time the inhabitants of Trojan suffered all the pangs of thirst. At length God relented, and a great lake appeared in the neighbourhood of the city. But a monstrous dragon guarded

* *Serbian Folk-Lore*. Popular Tales selected and translated by Madame Csedomille Mijatovics. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. W. Denton, M.A., Author of "Serbia and the Servians." London: Isbister & Co. 1874.

Slavonic Fairy Tales. Collected and translated from the Russian, Polish, Servian, and Bohemian. By John T. Naaké, of the British Museum. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

it, and was to be propitiated only by human offerings, until St. George arrived, who slew the dragon and converted the Trojans to Christianity. Another legend about Troyan is of a still more mythological character. According to it, that "demoniacal personage" was in the habit of nightly visiting a mistress, with whom he never tarried after his steeds had finished their corn, and the cocks had begun to crow. For he knew that the light of day would prove destructive to him. But one night his enemies gave his horses sand to eat instead of corn, and tore out the tongues of all the neighbouring cocks. Only just before the day dawned did Troyan find out what had been done. He drove away in haste, but it was too late. At daybreak Troyan leapt from his car and tried to conceal himself in a heap of hay. But cattle came and devoured the hay, and the sunlight fell on Troyan and burnt him up. The whole story of Troyan, whom some scholars suppose to have been the central figure of an epic poem of which only some scattered fragments have survived, is evidently one of great antiquity. And there seems to be no reason for supposing that it belongs to the class of tales introduced into Europe at a comparatively recent date. There are several stories in the Servian lady's collection which, as Mr. Denton says in the very readable introduction prefixed to the volume, are "garnished with crocodiles, alligators, elephants, and the fauna and flora of Hindoostan." Such stories probably travelled to Servia from the East at a not very remote period. Mr. Denton thinks that "they must have been brought thither by a race which had migrated from a southern and eastern home." But in all probability they migrated long after the race among which they are now current had become a settled people. The Servians can scarcely be traced to any country in which elephants and alligators abound.

Thirteen Servian stories are contained in Mr. Naaké's pleasant little volume of *Slavonic Fairy Tales*, one of them being the excellent legend about the theft of the sun by the Devil which forms the gem of Karajich's collection. The fiend, having stolen the orb of day, wanders about carrying it on the point of his lance. The Archangel Michael succeeds in restoring it to the skies, but leaves a part of the sole of his foot in the grasp of the angry demon. By way of consolation he is told that "henceforth, man also shall have a hollow in the sole of his foot." Next in interest to this Servian legend, which may justly claim the first place in the class of popular tales suggested by physical peculiarities, may be ranked those among the Polish stories in Mr. Naaké's volumes which deal with personifications of disease. To the popular eye an epidemic readily takes the form of a supernatural being, generally of the female sex, and the actual horrors attendant upon its visit are intensified by the dread which its imaginary form inspires. In one of these a belated peasant falls asleep in a forest. About midnight he is awakened by a great hubbub, and sees a vast procession comesweeping by. Countless spectres of all kinds surround and escort "a high, black waggon, on the top of which sits the Plague." As it rolls by, every neighbouring object assumes a spectral shape and joins the terrible train; even the peasant's axe escapes from his trembling hand, takes the form of a gaunt woman, shakes her dark locks before his astonished eyes, and joins in the wild chant to the sound of which the followers of the Pestilence are trooping along. In another tale a peasant who is sleeping on the top of a hayrick is aroused by a sudden uproar. To his horror he sees "a tall woman, clothed in white, with dishevelled hair, running straight towards him, pursued by dogs." A ladder is leaning against the hayrick on which he is perched, and up it she mounts until she is out of reach of her pursuers, whom she proceeds to tease, shaking her foot at them. The peasant pushes away the ladder from the rick. It falls to the ground, and with it falls the Woman in White, the Plague herself, whom the dogs seize and worry until she disappears. From this time forward the peasant is never quite himself again, and is frequently heard to mutter the incoherent words which the Plague addressed to the dogs which barked at the foot of her ladder. After the Polish stories may be placed those from Bohemia, of which Mr. Naaké has translated eight. Their principal merit consists in the number of popular superstitions, chiefly about the supernatural inhabitants of the waters, which they contain. One of them is a singular version of a well-known tale. In one of Asbjørnsen's Norse stories, excellently translated by Dr. Dasent in his *Tales from the Fjeld*, we find a "Greedy Cat" which devours all it meets, including the sun and moon, but is ultimately destroyed by a sturdy goat. In the Bohemian story of "The Long-Desired Child" the same wondrous appetite is shown by an *Otesanek*, or hewn-out babe, by which a childless couple suddenly find themselves cursed. After running his wild career, this exceedingly bad boy is slain with a mattock by an astute old woman, and from within him emerge all the people whom he has swallowed. The Norwegian story, in which the form of the cat appears to be due to a recollection of the wolf Fenrir, seems to be cast in a much more archaic mould than the Bohemian, the opening scene of which, moreover, is more in keeping with Oriental than with European superstition. In Slavonic folk-tales miraculously born children almost invariably turn out well. Of the eight Russian stories contained in the present volume we have not left ourselves room to say more than that they are translated with thorough fidelity to the original—as, indeed, are all their companion tales, whether drawn from Polish, Bohemian, or Servian sources.

FORBES'S AFRICA.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Gruar Forbes surveys Africa in the main from a missionary point of view rather than from that of geographical exploration, he has put together a very good popular summary of what has been done from the earliest times to open up the interior of that vast and mysterious continent. Sketching rapidly the imperfect and desultory efforts of the classic ages, and of the century or two following the revival of enterprise and knowledge, he dilates more at length, and with a studious attention to the claims of rival explorers, upon the systematic steps of discovery which have marked the last thirty years. His object has been to present within the compass of a single book a view of the general results of exploration from what quarter soever, and thus to condense into a succinct form the contents of scores of volumes. Omitting, as far as possible, the personal adventures or experiences of each traveller, he has addressed himself to tracing the gradual advance of our knowledge of Africa as line after line has been struck into the vast mass of the continent, the heart of which has still to be pierced. In his somewhat loose and rambling introductory chapter Mr. Forbes runs rapidly over the geographical and physical features of Africa, ventures some rather perilous guesses at the etymology of its name, and sketches in outline the gradual steps of discovery, many of which he is about in the sequel to go over again at greater length and in ampler detail. His summary account of its vast expanse, its rich and varied natural products, its teeming population, its facilities for intercourse, and the feeling of romantic interest with which its manifold secrets have for ages been regarded, may well lead up to the question—a question till of late years not to be answered without shame on the part of the races which claim to be the heirs and depositaries of enlightenment—What has been done for the civilization and evangelization of this immense territory? It is only fair to missionary enterprise to say that to it far more than to the spirit of trade, or even to the purer thirst for scientific knowledge, belongs the credit of the primary movement in this direction. There is comparatively little that European commerce has done either to enlighten or to civilize the unfortunate blacks, except so far as the influx of white traders has sharpened the native understanding to tricks of trade, and inflamed the desires of savagery by contact with the white man's vices. Small thanks are due to a civilizing Power like England which holds out the Bible with one hand and the rum-bottle with the other. At the same time honour should be paid to those individuals and societies who, in the face of these vitiating influences, have laboured for the poor negro, and who incidentally have done wonders for the advancement of knowledge at home. Not to speak of the early Portuguese missionaries, whose explorations, long despised and set aside, anticipated by three centuries many of the proudest discoveries of the last few years, the list of earnest and intrepid men who have toiled and died for the sake of the African is long and unbroken. As early as 1736 a Moravian mission was at work upon the Gold Coast, and the Baptists attacked the Western settlements, though with little success. In the year 1798 the London Missionary Society was in the field with four agents in South Africa. At Kat River there was a mission established in 1816, pushing on its work on the Zak River, among the Bushmen at Colesberg, and beyond the Orange River into the wild and desolate Namaqualand, in the teeth of foes like slavery, polygamy, war, and the rum canteens which marked the white man's progress. In 1821 the Glasgow Missionary Society began its work in Kaffraria, followed up by the Free Kirk of Scotland, the United Presbyterian body, the Glasgow African Society, and other communities of the North. Paris, the Rhine, and Berlin have also sent their evangelizing contingents, and much zeal has been shown by the American Board of Missions. The Wesleyan body has laboured with effect far into the interior. The great societies of the Church of England have brought their highly organized machinery to bear throughout the whole region of South Africa, and, besides bishops from the mother-country, the land now enjoys the ministrations of a chief pastor of pure native blood. By individual missionaries efforts of an heroic kind have from time to time been made, from Schmidt in 1737 to Moffatt, Livingstone, and Mackenzie.

Of African travellers and explorers, with their successive achievements, apart from missionary enterprise, Mr. Forbes gives a summary which prepares the reader for the latest results and prospects of African exploration. Bruce, Sparrman, Mungo Park, Burckhardt, Tuckey, Hornemann, Campbell, Clapperton, Lander, Lyon, Laing, and Denham, are the names which fill up this illustrious bed-roll of discoverers. A brief outline of the state in which the map of Africa was left by their united labours forms a fitting introduction to the unparalleled additions to our knowledge which the existing generation has beheld. The course of investigation has been guided by the three great rivers of Africa—the Nile, the Niger, and the Zambesi—the Congo, scarcely less important or inviting, having yielded as yet no fruits comparable in value or interest. Since the source of the Blue Nile, or Bahr-el-Azrek, was visited by Bruce in 1770, the mystery of the great Egyptian stream has awaited solution by way of the White River. Down to fifteen years or so ago the map beyond the third parallel of north latitude, which had been explored from the missionary station established at Gondokoro in 1853, remained a blank. Dr. Beke was among the first to suggest the determination of the limit

* *Africa: Geographical Exploration and Christian Enterprise.* By A. Gruar Forbes. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

of the Nile basin by striking inwards from the east coast. Rebmann and Krapf, starting from the missionary station at Mombas, obtained a knowledge of different districts lying between the parallels of three and five degrees south, discovering Killimanjaro, with its peak of perpetual snow over 20,000 feet above the sea. It was the intelligence gained by these missionaries concerning the great lakes of the interior, confirming earlier traditions and the conclusions of geographers, that determined the series of enterprises from which such great results have flowed. Barton and Speke, leaving Zanzibar in June 1867, struck on the 13th of February following the great lake Tanganyika, or Sea of Ujiji, the scene of so much recent interest and speculation. His companion being compelled to stop at Kizeh on the way back, Speke was successful in pushing his long-desired journey northwards, coming in July upon the magnificent N'Yanza, to which he gave the name of Victoria, the connexion of which with the Nile he determined on his subsequent visit, in company with Grant in July 1862, when the travellers made the discovery of the mighty falls, which they named after Lord Ripon. The report derived by Speke from natives of the Dead Locust Lake, or Little Luta N'Zigé, into which the river falls further on, and from which it subsequently emerges, fired Baker with the ambition which led him and his wife through untold hardships and perils, on the 14th of March, 1864, to the shore, of no little lake indeed, but perhaps the largest body of fresh water in the world, the now famed Albert N'Yanza. Further exploration is needed for determining the exact area of this lake, which is indicated in the vaguest manner in Mr. Forbes's map. The Murchison Falls, the most stupendous to be found in the whole course of the Nile, formed another of Baker's discoveries on following down the river from its quitting Lake Victoria. Not writing with scientific precision, Mr. Forbes speaks in some places as though he endorsed Speke's claim to have found in the Victoria N'Yanza the actual source of the Nile, neglecting to consider how a reservoir of this kind is to be filled. Even if no snowy mountains are to be found, the glaciers of which pour down their waters under the African sun, there must be numerous affluents by which the equatorial rains, as in South America, converge into these vast natural cisterns. It is here that the great problem of African geography awaits solution. Even if, in the teeth of all antecedent probability, Baker's idea, to which we find him still persistently clinging, that Lake Tanganyika pours its waters into Victoria and thence into the Nile valley, should turn out to be true, the difficulty would be but thrown a step further back. In his hope that the Rusisi would be found to flow out of the southern lake he has indeed been disappointed, and one affluent of Tanganyika has thus been established. Further exploration may of course show it to run some whither, if not into the Nile, or it may turn out to have no outlet at all. We have anyhow much to learn of the watershed of this no less than of the other lakes of the great equatorial series. In incorporating Livingstone's latest geographical notes and speculations, as in part reported by Mr. Stanley, in part embodied in reports of his own, Mr. Forbes can of course do nothing to dissipate the cloud which hangs over the Nile sources. There is nothing for it but to wait till definite observation determines the issue of the vast lake and river system of which the primary founts have beyond doubt been struck by the last great traveller. Even if home geographers, to the triumph of Livingstone, are to be shamed out of their belief in the Lualaba and the Congo being one, all must be content to leave the true *caput Nili* still involved in geographical mist.

On the line of the Zambesi Livingstone was the true and solitary pioneer. His discoveries of the Lakes Ngami and Nyassa, the Chobe, Shiré, and other tributaries of the great stream, and the Victoria and Murchison Falls, with his unprecedented exploit in traversing the whole width of the southern continent from sea to sea, are clearly tracked by Mr. Forbes, who kindles into eloquence over the deeds, the sufferings, and the successes of the great missionary. Nor is less justice done to the less famed but not less deserving labourers or martyrs who, from the Cape, along the Niger, or from the Mediterranean seaboard, have penetrated the continent—some like Barth and Moffatt, to bring back tales of physical wonders, of new tribes and languages, of civilized ways where all was supposed to be dark and savage, of teeming vegetation and abounding humanity where the maps showed but a waste and barren blank, others, like Richardson and Overweg, to lay their bones in a hostile or pestiferous soil. Mr. Forbes summarizes briefly towards the end of his book the latest researches of Livingstone and his relief by Mr. Stanley, with a postscript bringing in the news of his death. In conclusion he gives an outline of Sir Bartle Frere's recent mission, as well as Schweinfurth's latest explorations to the west of the great lakes. Room has also been found for a short episode upon the late expedition to Ashantee, with a sketch of the territory, its population, and its relations both to the other native races and the European settlers of the Atlantic coast, showing the author's desire to secure all the completeness that was possible within the scope of his work.

UNDER SEAL OF CONFESSION.*

THE author of *Thornicroft's Model* has made a decided step in advance in this her latest novel, though her characteristic defect of want of staying power still clings to her. She writes the interest threadbare before her story is half finished; and she shows her own

* *Under Seal of Confession*. By Averil Beaumont, Author of 'Thornicroft's Model.' 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

fatigue in passages as plainly as if she yawned in her reader's face. Had she cut out three-quarters of her book, she would probably have made the rest a solid success; as it is, she has spread out her material so thin that she has wasted its strength, and she wears the patience of her most attentive follower by giving equal prominence to every circumstance. Small matters as well as great events are treated with the one same prolixity; and what pre-Raffaëlitism cannot do in pictorial art, it certainly fails to accomplish in literature. Nevertheless there is much to commend in *Under Seal of Confession*, and, were it as good throughout as it is in parts, there would be nothing left to desire.

Our author's forte lies in pretty little bits of painting; bits as pretty, as vividly put, and as perfectly well-arranged as the most finished artist could accomplish; to which she adds a fair sprinkling of spirited expressions, and at times a lifelike presentation of character. But in this last she is very unequal, some of her work being strong and good, while other parts are just as weak and bad. The character of her hero, Philip Brereton, is especially hazy and lamentably deficient in closeness and force. It may be that in his very indefiniteness of leading lines, his very want of central principles, he is all the more lifelike; but just as pigments cannot show the changing lights of an opal or the metallic lustre on the wings of a Brazilian butterfly, so is a writer unable to make a shifting character interesting unless its shiftiness springs from some dominant principle of selfishness, of moral cowardice, or of simple intellectual weakness. A man who changes and drifts as Philip does, apparently without sufficient reason why, wears out one's sympathy before his tale is told; and a love that passes from Stella to Alice and back again to Stella, without much more ado than the passing of a trump card from hand to hand, is a love that fails to command respect, and that seems less like passion than the stupidest form of moral fluidity. In fact, the three most defective characters in the book are the four young men, Philip Brereton, Robert Vane, Robert Hamilton, *alias* Stephenson, and Frederick Westcourt. They are men as women see them, not men as they are to themselves and to each other; which is the chief reason, among some others, by the by, why we have assigned the sex so decisively to the indeterminate name of our author.

We know what kind of girl Stella Vane is meant to be. Proud of her maidenly independence, loving, steadfast, truthful, with just a dash of passion running through her character by which she gains warmth and vitality, she is the typical English maiden of the freer kind, self-dependent, active, and courageous. And we know what sweet, fair, amiable, and indolent Alice Etheredge is like; more French than English in her ideas, and more angelic than human in her temper, but withal most impractical, most inapt. But what is the leading principle of Philip's character? Is Robert Hamilton the victim of momentary maniacal passions, but really a good fellow at heart; or is he a sinner in grain who afterwards becomes a saint by grace? And what is there in Mr. Frederick Westcourt besides his love for Stella? Again, Stella's brother, Robert Vane—let us ask in a parenthesis, is it not needlessly confusing to have two young men of the same Christian name?—seems to us even more of a mistake than the others. And surely his Roman Catholic priesthood is managed queerly. It is put very much as if it were a mere taking of orders as in the English Church, and as if there was no novitiate, no term of probation, and none of after discipline and arrangement. We have always understood a Romish priest to be part of a system, not an independent English gentleman free to live and work as he will. We doubt greatly whether a sincere Roman Catholic would have gone into the priesthood at all on the plea which influences Robert Vane; and certainly the Church would have taken a longer time about his ordination, and would have kept a stronger hold on him when he had passed into her hands than is here allowed. She would scarcely have endorsed such an arrangement as he makes—namely, working independently and living with his sisters. He was too young for such a manner of life, and the whole thing is out of drawing and false in fact. Again, a little slip in *vraisemblance*, if Robert Hamilton had plunged into the sea after Alice, would not his clothes have been wet, even after some hours? And if he had so far tried to save her, so far wakened from his sullen anger against her, would he not naturally have called for help in his agony? He had not really murdered her. She had slipped from the rock in shrinking from him; and there was no reason why he should not have told the simple truth and have allowed no suspicion to rest on Philip, and no sense of damning sin on himself. This is the weakest point of the book, though the point which in its result gives its name to the story, and therefore one of which the author naturally makes most account in her own estimate of her work. But we do not accept it. It is forced, unnatural, and feeble, and comes in with a jarring sense of inconsistency among the quaint lifelike little pictures in which the charm of *Under the Seal of Confession* consists.

Of these pictures we would instance two or three—the description of the ruined castle of Ravensburgh, with its massive Keep, where Dr. and Mrs. Etheredge lived, the former occupied with his studies and his books:—"Stately first editions of the grand old poets in folio—large-paper copies and tall copies, Elzevirs and Aldines, and Stephens's masterpieces—between the brass wires of the lattice-work doors dignified looking volumes, each bound in his Russia leather, or creamy vellum, enriched with gold, or simply dressed in honest old brown calf, looking companionably at you"; the latter occupied mainly with her husband, and, later in the story, with her daughter, pretty, sweet-faced Alice. The whole description of the library, with its antique black oak furni-

ture covered with ruby velvet, and the inhabitants thereof, is very graphic and well done; so is the description of Stella Vane when she is sitting in the window-seat where "the sun gave the gold for the frame," undergoing her mother's watchful scrutiny in such innocent ignorance of its meaning. Alice feeding the pigeons on the castle battlements is also a very pretty picture, but a little too suggestive of Hawthorne's Hilda; and the miserable loneliness and natural melancholy of Downton-le-Street are photographed with remarkable skill and truthfulness. All this betrays a hand educated in art, if not practically, yet by association; which view of ours is still further borne out by the portraits of Stella and Alice in their fancy dresses, like two pictures by Leslie or Millais. Here too is a bit of character-painting taken evidently from life:—

In spite of Philip's one-and-twenty years he was still very much of a boy, but a boy with all the stirrings of manly ambition strong within him. The heaven of Carlyle was working there too. One of his chosen friends at Oxford, who was the admiration of his set, if he did not actually bind select sentences of that author as a phylactery upon his forehead, or elsewhere, had been wont to go about with strips of Sartor Resartus in his waistcoat pocket for instant moral refreshment and application, and Philip had enough of the same spirit to feel in more than common strength at times the power of an inward voice which told him that life was not given to be carelessly used, or thoughtlessly enjoyed. The lines in which he was to work would seem to most people plain enough; he was to be a politician, but a politician of what sort? He had heard of men who were great on committees, who shone upon gas and canal bills, and were eloquent upon rates—their work was distasteful, and glorious in its repulsiveness—but he doubted his ability to shine in that way. The men who fought with phrases and epigrams—they were clever, but unless they were on the right side their cleverness was only used to disguise and twist about the truth. Was not silence better than that? His faith in his own political heroes was unshaken, but the more he admired them the greater distrust he felt of himself. One thing he was sure that he wanted and might set himself to attain with success, namely, knowledge of the real pressure of life upon the thousands for whom these fine gentlemen were legislating. As something towards gaining this varied knowledge and power of sympathy, he gladly accepted invitations which led him amongst men of mark in any line of life, but it gave him a certain pain to see that one and all of these were pale, worn, and excitable-looking. He longed for the sight of a fat genius.

Very good are Mrs. Etheredge's womanly fears when she hears that a young fugitive from justice—crime unknown—is to come to their quiet home, and be protected and cared for. All this bit is the brightest and fullest of fun that the author has yet achieved. The good lady's first thought was that their new guest might have a taste for stealing, when "straightway she went and locked and double-locked away her jewels, and covered the plate-chest over with unsuspicious-looking draperies, giving it as innocent and valueless an appearance as possible." After which she took "a great silver tea-tray, an heirloom in the Etheredge family, and pushed it in between the mattresses on her own bed, giving careful thought to the question whether the stiff little feet should be uppermost or undermost, for fear the Doctor should find out it was there, and 'go on.'" Finally she settled that it was murder, on which she puts him into the "haunted room," which also is evidently a place sketched from nature:—

The haunted room in Ravensburgh Castle was one which had at all times a certain undeniable effect on the imagination. Even by daylight no one could go into it without feeling strangely chilled. It was at the very top of the Castle, and to get to it you had to climb up a long steep flight of steps and go through a long passage hollowed out of the thickness of the wall. This passage was very low, very narrow (two people could not walk abreast, and a tall man would have had to stoop), and lighted by innumerable deeply-recessed windows. And when you got there, it was a very stony, ghost-like room, with vaulted roof, dingy, colourless carpet, and a dismal four-post bed, pushed back against a low, deep, arched recess. The bed was much higher, of course, than this recess, and quite hid the top of it, but it was not broad enough to cover it entirely at the sides, so that on each side, to the right and to the left of the bed, was a narrow, open space of nine or ten inches in width, and about half a yard in depth, and when, misdoubting evil, you went up to this, you could only see that there was a great black, hollow hiding-place behind the bed. And what might occupy that—no one sleeping there could know; and it would be impossible to be in that bed and not torture yourself by imagining a cold ghostly arm stretching out on each side and clasping you in an awful embrace.

The Northern bits of talk and sentiment in this book are very good. We have seldom met with better presentation of local thought and speech. We only regret there is not more of it; for the author has not disfigured her pages with too much attempt at phonetic spelling, and her dialect comes out quite as well as that of other authors who have attempted more literal exactness. The whole scene in the public-house is excellent; and there is a dash and vigour about it which we wish had penetrated the rest of the story. Also the seven years' dumb courtship of silent Dickie has its truth, and the airs and secondhand aesthetics of Mr. Waterlow are well touched off. Our author is evidently a careful and conscientious worker, but as yet somewhat crude and without full mastery over her materials. She writes too colloquially, with the slipshod grammar so strangely dear to lady authors; and she outruns her staying powers. We fancy she would do better in much shorter stories, stories of one or two strong pictures and simple plot, where the characters did not need much dramatic action for their due evolution, and where her special gifts of quaintness and vividness could be best utilized. It is not given to every one to sustain the long flight of a three-volume novel; and "Averil Beaumont" has not yet gained sufficient power to be one of those who can. It is a pity that work containing so many excellences should not be perfect throughout; and we would like to see an author so good in parts learn her craft so well as to take the higher place marked out by her qualities, instead of falling into that lower one assigned by her defects.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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E. DENT & CO., 61 Strand, and 34 Royal Exchange, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, ASTRONOMICAL and TURRET CLOCKS, to Her Majesty, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.M. the Emperor of Russia; Makers of the Great Clock of the Houses of Parliament, and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Catalogues on application.—E. DENT & CO., 61 Strand, 34 Royal Exchange (adjoining Lloyd's), and Factory, Savoy Street, London.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE or APARTMENTS THROUGHOUT on MODERN'S HIRE SYSTEM. Cash Prices; no Extra Charges. Large, useful Stock to select from. All Goods Warranted. Illustrated priced Catalogue, with Terms, post free.—249 and 250 Tottenham Court Road. Established 1852.

W. A. & S. SMEE, having made considerable additions to their Premises, invite inspection of their STOCK OF CABINET and UPHOLSTERY FURNITURE, IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS, BEDDING and CARPETS. Now contained in Twenty-two Ware Rooms and Galleries. They have largely increased their Stock of the more moderate-priced Furniture of sound and serviceable quality, whilst they continue to devote great attention to the production of High-class Artistic Furniture, and will send a Book of Designs on application. 6 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

CLARK'S PATENT STEEL NOISELESS SHUTTERS, Self-Colling, Fire and Thief Proof, can be adapted to any Window or other Opening. Prospectuses free.—CLARK & CO., Sole Patentees, Rathbone Place, W.; Paris, Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS and CHURCH DECORATIONS.—HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, London. Prize Medals, London and Paris.

READING EASELS, for Holding Books in any position, from 41 in. INVALID COUCH, CHAIR, and BED combined, adjustable to any inclination of the back, from 41 in. BED TABLES, from 41 in. BATH CHAIRS, from 41 in. CARRYING CHAIRS, 43 in. MERLIN CHAIRS, 47 in. BACKRESTS, 12s. 6d. Drawings post free. JOHN CARTER, 6a New Cavendish Street, Great Portland Street, W.

LONDON and COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.

Established in 1826, and Incorporated in 1874, under "The Companies Act, 1862."

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL £3,750,000, IN 75,000 SHARES OF £50 EACH.

REPORT ADOPTED AT THE HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING,

AUGUST 6, 1874.

The Directors, in presenting to the Proprietors the Balance Sheet of the Bank for the Half-year ended June 30 last, have the satisfaction to report that, after paying Interest to Customers and all charges, allowing for Rebate, and making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, the Net Profit amounts to £125,830 13s. 1d. This sum, added to £23,217 13s. 3d. brought forward from the last Account, produces a total of £149,047 13s. 4d.

They have declared a Dividend for the Half-year at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £120,000, and after reserving £149 13s. to meet Interest accrued on New Shares, there remains a Balance of £29,047 13s. 4d. to be carried forward to Profit and Loss New Account.

The Dividend, £3 per Share, free of Income Tax, will be payable at the Head Office, or at any of the Branches, on or after Monday, the 17th instant.

BALANCE SHEET

Of the LONDON and COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, June 30, 1874.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Capital paid-up	1,500,000	0	0			
Instalment received in respect of New Shares	74,270	0	0			
Reserve Fund	600,000	0	0	1,574,270	0	0
Instalment received in respect of New Shares	3,197,457	12	10			
Amount due by the Bank for Customers' Balances, &c.	14,928,914	7	5	637,435	0	0
Liabilities on Acceptances, covered by Securities	3,197,457	12	10			
Profit and Loss Balance brought from last Account	23,217	13	3	22,116,276	0	3
Gross Profit for the Half-year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, viz.	377,772	15	2	401,690	8	5
				£24,430,271	8	8
Cr.						
By Cash on hand at Head Office and Branches, and with Bank of England	2,467,537	9	0			
Cash placed at Call and at Notice covered by Securities	2,967,812	9	4	5,235,370	13	4
Investments, viz.: Government and Guaranteed Stocks	1,848,647	16	9			
Other Stocks and Securities	163,078	13	0	2,011,726	9	0
Discounted Bills, and advances to Customers in Town and Country	13,402,222	3	3			
Liabilities of Customers for Drafts accepted by the Bank (as per Contra)	3,187,457	12	10	16,289,679	16	1
Freehold Premises in Lombard Street and Nicholas Lane, Freehold and Leasehold Property at the Branches, with Fixtures and Fittings				254,309	17	5
Interest paid to Customers				86,974	18	8
Salaries and all other expenses at Head Office and Branches, including Income Tax on Profits and Salaries				122,300	8	5
				£24,430,271	8	8

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
To Interest paid to Customers, as above	86,974	18 8	By Balance brought forward from last Account	23,917	13 2
Expenses, as above	122,300	8 5	Gross Profit for the Half- year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts	377,778	15 2
Rebate on Bills not due carried to New Account	42,966	12 0			
Dividend of 10 per Cent. for Half-year	190,000	0 0			
Reserve to meet Interest accrued on new Shares ..	468	15 0			
Balance carried forward ..	26,379	14 4			
	£401,690	8 5		£401,690	8 5

We, the undersigned, have examined the foregoing Balance Sheet, and have found the same to be correct.

(Signed)

WILLIAM NORMAN,

RICHARD H. SWAINE,

STEPHEN SYMONDS,

By Order, GEO. GOUGH, Secretary.

London and County Bank, 21 Lombard Street, July 30, 1874.

LONDON and COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.—Notice is hereby given that a DIVIDEND on the Capital of the Company, at the rate of 10 per cent. for the half-year ended June 30, 1874, will be PAID to the Proprietors, either at the Head Office, 21 Lombard Street, or at any of the Company's Branches, on or after Monday, the 17th instant.

By Order of the Board,

W. MCKEWAN,

WHITEBREAD TOMSON, } Joint General Managers.

21 Lombard Street, August 7, 1874.

MILNER'S SAFE COMPANY, LIMITED.—CLOSING of the LISTS.—Notice is hereby given, that the LISTS of APPLICATION for the above will be CLOSED on MONDAY next, the 16th instant, for London, and on TUESDAY next, the 17th instant, for the Country.

By order,

S. H. McMULLEN, Secretary (pro tem.)

70 Cornhill, London, E.C., August 5, 1874.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833. CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE.—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:
At 5 per cent. per annum, subject to 18 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

For shorter periods Deposits will be received on terms to be agreed upon.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1803.

1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 & 17 FILL MALL, S.W.

CAPITAL, £1,600,000. PAID-UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, LOMBARD STREET and CHANCING CROSS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1782.

Prompt and Liberal Loss Settlements.

Insurances effected in all parts of the World.

GEORGE WM. LOVELL,

JOHN J. BROOMFIELD } Secretaries.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Fleet Street, London.

Invested assets on December 31, 1873

Income for the past year

Amount paid on death to December last

Forms of proposal, &c., will be sent on application at the Office.

MONEY, TIME, and LIFE are lost in the event of Accidental Injury or Death. Provide against these losses by a Policy of the

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY AGAINST ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.

The oldest and largest Accidental Assurance Company.

Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.

64 CORNHILL and 10 REGENT STREET, LONDON.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.